

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs.* Embellished with One Hundred and Twenty Portraits from the Indian Gallery in the Department of War, at Washington. By Thomas L. M'Kenney, late of the Indian Department, Washington, and James Hall, Esq. of Cincinnati. Vol. I. No. 1, fol. London, 1837. Campbell and Co.

We rejoice, after much expectation, to see the first portion of this great and national work ready to issue from the press. Its subject is most interesting, its form and style most becoming, and its illustrations "a dainty dish to set before the king;" for his majesty, as we mentioned in the *Literary Gazette* of Feb. 4, has graciously placed his royal name at the head of the list of its patrons.

The history is divided into two parts—one giving a biographical account of famous Indian chiefs, warriors, &c.; and the other, a general view of the origin and destinies of the various tribes and nations. In the former we have, together with striking portraits of the individuals, the lives of Red Jacket, a splendid orator of the Senecas; of Kish-kallo-wa, a Shawnee chief; of Mohongo, an Osage woman (who, with her child, makes quite a Murillo picture); of Shingaba W'Ossin, a Chippewa; and of Pushmataha, a Choctaw, all more or less celebrated in the annals of the red men. Before looking at the historical narrative, which is, indeed, only begun in this No. to the extent of twenty pages, our readers may like to have a nearer glance at some traits of these individuals: thus we are told of Red Jacket:—

"Red Jacket was the foe of the white man. His nation was his god; her honour, preservation, and liberty, his religion. He hated the missionary of the cross, because he feared some secret design upon the lands, the peace, or the independence of the Senecas. He never understood Christianity. Its sublime disinterestedness exceeded his conceptions. He was a keen observer of human nature; and saw that, among white and red men, sordid interest was equally the spring of action. He, therefore, naturally enough suspected every stranger who came to his tribe of some design on their little and dearly prized dominions; and felt towards the Christian missionary as the Trojan priestess did towards the wooden horse of the Greeks. He saw, too, that the same influence which tended to reduce his wandering tribe to civilised habits, must necessarily change his whole system of policy. He wished to preserve the integrity of his tribe by keeping the Indians and white men apart, while the direct tendency of the missionary system was to blend them in one society, and to bring them under a common religion and government. While it annihilated paganism, it dissolved the nationality of the tribe. In the wilderness, far from white men, the Indians might rove in pursuit of game, and remain a distinct people; but the district of land reserved for the Senecas was not as large as the smallest county in New York, and was now surrounded by an ever-growing population, impatient to possess their lands, and restricting

their hunting grounds, by bringing the arts of husbandry up to the line of demarcation. The deer, the buffalo, and the elk, were gone. On Red Jacket's system, his people should have followed them; but he chose to remain, and yet refused to adopt those arts and institutions which alone could preserve his tribe from an early and ignominious extinction. It must also be stated, in fairness, that the missionaries are not always men fitted for their work. Many of them have been destitute of the talents and information requisite in so arduous an enterprise; some have been bigoted and over-zealous, and others have wanted temper and patience. Ignorant of the aboriginal languages, and obliged to rely upon interpreters to whom religion was an occult science, they, doubtless, often conveyed very different impressions from those which they intended. 'What have you said to them?' inquired a missionary once, of the interpreter who had been expounding his sermon. 'I told them you have a message to them from the Great Spirit,' was the reply. 'I said no such thing,' cried the missionary; 'tell them I am come to speak of God, the only living and true God, and of the life that is to be hereafter.—Well, what have you said?' 'That you will tell them about Manito and the land of Spirits.' 'Worse and worse!' exclaimed the embarrassed preacher; and such is, doubtless, the history of many sermons which have been delivered to the bewildered heathen. There is another cause which has seldom failed to operate in opposition to any fair experiment in reference to the civilisation of the Indians. The frontiers are always infested by a class of adventurers, whose plans of speculation are best promoted by the ignorance of the Indian; who, therefore, steadily thwart every benevolent attempt to enlighten the savage; and who are as ingenious as they are busy, in framing insinuations to the discredit of those engaged in benevolent designs towards this unhappy race. Whatever was the policy of Red Jacket, or the reasons on which it was founded, he was the steady, skilful, and potent foe of missions in his tribe, which became divided into two factions, one of which was called the Christian, and the other the pagan, party. The Christian party, in 1827, outnumbered the pagan; and Red Jacket was formally, and by a vote of the council, displaced from the office of chief of the Senecas, which he had held ever since his triumph over Corn Plant. He was greatly affected by this decision, and made a journey to Washington to lay his griefs before his great father. His first call on arriving at Washington was on Colonel M'Kenney, who was in charge of the bureau of Indian affairs. That officer was well informed, through his agent, of all that had passed among the Senecas, and of the decision of the council, and the cause of its displacing Red Jacket. After the customary shaking of hands, Red Jacket spoke, saying, 'I have a talk for my father.' 'Tell him,' answered Colonel M'Kenney, 'I have one for him. I will make it, and will then listen to him.' Colonel M'Kenney narrated all that had passed between the two parties, taking care not to omit the minute incidents that had combined to produce the open rupture that had

taken place. He sought to convince Red Jacket that a spirit of forbearance on his part, and a yielding to the Christian party the right, which he claimed for himself, to believe as he pleased on the subject of religion, would have prevented the mortifying result of his expulsion from office and power. At the conclusion of this talk, during which Red Jacket never took his keen and searching eye off the speaker, he turned to the interpreter, saying, with his finger pointing in the direction of his people, and of his home, 'Our father has got a long eye!' He then proceeded to vindicate himself, and his cause, and to pour out upon the black coats the phials of his wrath. It was finally arranged, however, that he was to go home, and there, in a council that was directed to be convened for the purpose, express his willingness to bury the hatchet, and leave it to those who might choose to be Christians to adopt the ceremonies of that religion; whilst for himself, and those who thought like him, he claimed the privilege to follow the faith of his fathers. Whereupon, and as had been promised him at Washington, the council unanimously replaced him in the office of chief, which he held till his death, which happened soon after. It is due to him to state, that a cause, which has retarded the progress of Christianity in all lands lying adjacent to Christian nations, naturally influenced his mind. He saw many individuals in Christendom who were worse than pagans. He did not know that few of these professed to be Christians, and that a still smaller number practised the precepts of our religion; but, judging them in the mass, he saw little that was desirable in the moral character of the whites, and nothing inviting in their faith. It was with these views that Red Jacket, in council, in reply to the proposal to establish a mission among his people, said, with inimitable severity and shrewdness, 'Your talk is fair and good; but I propose this. Go, try your hand in the town of Buffalo, for one year: they need missionaries, if you can do what you say. If, in that time, you should have done them any good, and made them any better, then we will let you come among our people.' A gentleman, who saw Red Jacket in 1820, describes him as being then apparently sixty years old. He was dressed with much taste, in the Indian costume throughout, but had not a savage look. His form was erect, and not large; and his face noble. He wore a blue dress, the upper garment cut after the fashion of a hunting shirt; with blue leggins, very neat moccasins, a red jacket, and a girdle of red about his waist. His eye was fine, his forehead lofty and capacious, and his bearing calm and dignified. Previous to entering into any conversation with our informant, who had been introduced to him under the most favourable auspices, he inquired, 'What are you—a gambler (meaning a land-speculator), a sheriff, or a black coat?' Upon ascertaining that the interview was not sought for any specific object, other than that of seeing and conversing with himself, he became easy and affable, and delivered his sentiments freely on the subject which had divided his tribe, and disturbed himself, for many years. He said, 'that he had no doubt that

Christianity was good for white people, but that the red men were a different race, and required a different religion. He believed that Jesus Christ was a good man, and that the whites should all be sent to hell for killing him; but the red men, having no hand in his death, were clear of that crime. The Saviour was not sent to them, the atonement not made for them; nor the Bible given to them; and, therefore, the Christian religion was not intended for them. If the Great Spirit had intended they should be Christians, he would have made his revelation to them as well as to the whites; and, not having made it, it was clearly his will that they should continue in the faith of their fathers.' The whole life of the Seneca chief was spent in vain endeavours to preserve the independence of his tribe, and in active opposition, as well to the plans of civilisation proposed by the benevolent, as to the attempts at encroachment on the part of the mercenary. His views remained unchanged, and his mental powers unimpaired, to the last. The only weakness, incident to the degenerate condition of his tribe, into which he permitted himself to fall, was that of intoxication. Like all Indians, he loved ardent spirits; and, although his ordinary habits were temperate, he occasionally gave himself up to the dreadful temptation, and spent several days in succession in continual drinking. The circumstances attending his decease were striking, and we shall relate them in the language of one who witnessed the facts which he states. For some months previous to his death, time had made such ravages on his constitution as to render him fully sensible of his approaching dissolution. To that event he often adverted, and always in the language of philosophic calmness. He visited successively all his most intimate friends at their cabins, and conversed with them, upon the condition of the nation, in the most impressive and affecting manner. He told them that he was passing away, and his counsels would soon be heard no more. He ran over the history of his people from the most remote period to which his knowledge extended, and pointed out, as few could, the wrongs, the privations, and the loss of character, which almost of themselves constituted that history. 'I am about to leave you,' said he; 'and when I am gone, and my warnings shall be no longer heard, or regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree, and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches are withered, and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate, and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it in safety; for I leave none who will be able to avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself: I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age cannot come; but my heart fails when I think of my people, who are soon to be scattered and forgotten.' These several interviews were all concluded with detailed instructions respecting his domestic affairs, and his funeral. There had long been a missionary among the Senecas, who was sustained by a party among the natives, while Red Jacket denounced 'the man in dark dress,' and deprecated the foul by which his nation was distracted. In his dying injunctions to those around him, he repeated his wishes respecting his interment. 'Bury me,' said he, 'by the side of my former wife; and let my funeral be according to the customs of our nation. Let me be dressed and equipped as my fathers were, that their spirits may rejoice in my coming.

Be sure that my grave be not made by a white man; let them not pursue me there!' He died on the 20th of January, 1830, at his residence near Buffalo. With him fell the spirit of his people. They gazed upon his fallen form, and mused upon his prophetic warnings, until their hearts grew heavy with grief. The neighbouring missionary, with a disregard for the feelings of the bereaved, and the injunctions of the dead, for which it is difficult to account, assembled his party, took possession of the body, and conveyed it to their meeting-house. The immediate friends of Red Jacket, amazed at the transaction, abandoned the preparations they were making for the funeral rites, and followed the body in silence to the place of worship, where a service was performed which, considering the opinions of the deceased, was as idle as it was indecorous. They were then told, from the sacred desk, that, if they had any thing to say, they had now an opportunity. Incredulity and scorn were pictured on the face of the Indians, and no reply was made, except by a chief called Green Blanket, who briefly remarked,—'This house was built for the white man; the friends of Red Jacket cannot be heard in it.' Notwithstanding this touching appeal, and the dying injunctions of the Seneca chief, his remains were taken to the grave prepared by the whites, and interred. Some of the Indians followed the corpse; but the more immediate friends of Red Jacket took a last view of their lifeless chief in the sanctuary of that religion which he had always opposed, and hastened from a scene which overwhelmed them with humiliation and sorrow. Thus early did the foot of the white man trample on the dust of the great chief, in accordance with his own prophetic declaration."

The countenance of the Choctaw chief is wonderfully allied to the Tartar; and affords strong physical evidence of the truth of the theory, that these Indians were, originally, branches of the great Tartar stock, and, together with many of their animals, &c., derived from the table-land of Asia.

In his fancy uniform he looks very like some Russian commander of Cossack or Mongolian breed and lineage. Of him, the author says:

"He attended a council, held in 1823, near the residence of Major Pitchlynn, a wealthy trader among the Choctaws, and at a distance of eighty miles from his own habitation. The business was closed on the 3d of July; and on the following day, the anniversary of our independence, a dinner was given by Major Pitchlynn to Colonel Ward, the agent of the government of the United States, and the principal chiefs who were present. When the guests were about to depart, it was observed that General Pushmataha had no horse; and as he was getting to be too old to prosecute so long a journey on foot, the government agent suggested to Mr. Pitchlynn the propriety of presenting him a horse. This was readily agreed to, on the condition that the chief would promise not to exchange the horse for whisky; and the old warrior, mounted upon a fine young animal, went upon his way rejoicing. It was not long before he visited the Agency on foot, and it was discovered that he had lost his horse in betting at ball-play. 'But did you not promise Mr. Pitchlynn,' said the agent, 'that you would not sell his horse?' 'I did so, in the presence of yourself and many others,' replied the chief; 'but I did not promise that I would not risk the horse on a game of ball.' It is said that, during the late war, General Pushmataha, having joined our southern army with some of his warriors, was arrested by the

commanding general for striking a soldier with his sword. When asked by the commander why he had committed this act of violence, he replied that the soldier had been rude to his wife, and that he had only given him a blow or two with the side of the sword, to teach him better manners. But, if it had been you, general, instead of a private soldier,' continued he, 'I should have used the sharp edge of my sword, in defence of my wife, who has come so far to visit a great warrior like myself.' At a time when a guard of eight or ten men was kept at the Agency, one of the soldiers, having become intoxicated, was ordered to be confined; and, as there was no guardhouse, the temporary arrest was effected by tying the offender. Pushmataha, seeing the man in this situation, inquired the cause; and, on being informed, exclaimed, 'Is that all?' and immediately untied the unfortunate soldier, remarking, coolly,—'Many good warriors get drunk.' At a meeting of business at the Agency, at which several American gentlemen, and some of the chief men of the Choctaw nation, were present, the conversation turned upon the Indian custom of marrying a plurality of wives. Pushmataha remarked that he had two wives, and intended to have always the same number. Being asked if he did not think the practice wrong, the chief replied,—'No; is it not right that every woman should be married? and how can that be, when there are more women than men, unless some men marry more than one? When our great father, the president, caused the Indians to be counted last year, it was found that the women were most numerous; and, if one man could have but one wife, some women would have no husband.' \* \* \*

"He was taken sick at Washington, and died in a strange land. When he found that his end was approaching, he called his companions around him, and desired them to raise him up, to bring his arms, and to decorate him with all his ornaments, that his death might be that of a man. He was particularly anxious that his interment should be accompanied with military honours; and when a promise was kindly given that his wishes should be fulfilled, he became cheerful, and conversed with composure until the moment when he expired without a groan. In conversation with his Indian friends shortly before his death, he said, 'I shall die, but you will return to our brethren. As you go along the paths, you will see the flowers, and hear the birds sing; but Pushmataha will see them and hear them no more. When you shall come to your home, they will ask you, Where is Pushmataha? and you will say to them, He is no more. They will hear the tidings like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.' The only speech made by Pushmataha, on the occasion of his visit to Washington, was the following. It was intended by him to be an opening address, which, had he lived, he would doubtless have followed by another more like himself. We took it down as he spoke it. The person addressed was the secretary of war. 'Father, I have been here some time. I have not talked—have been sick. You shall hear me talk to-day. I belong to another district. You have no doubt heard of me—I am Pushmataha. Father, when in my own country, I often looked towards this council house, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble. I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child, not half as high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, father, I hang in

the bend of your arm, and look in your face, and now hear me speak. Father, when I was in my own country, I heard there were men appointed to talk to us. I would not speak there; I chose to come here, and speak in this beloved house. I can boast, and say, and tell the truth, that none of my fathers, or grandfathers, nor any Choctaw, ever drew bows against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out. Father, I have come to speak. My nation has always listened to the applications of the white people. They have given of their country, till it is very small. I repeat the same about the land east of the Tombigby. I came here, when a young man, to see my father Jefferson. He told me, if ever we got in trouble, we must run and tell him. I am come. This is a friendly talk; it is like a man who meets another, and says, How do you do? Another will talk further.' The celebrated John Randolph, in a speech upon the floor of the senate, alluded thus to the forest chieftain whose brief memoirs we have attempted to sketch:—"Sir, in a late visit to the public grave-yard, my attention was arrested by the simple monument of the Choctaw chief, Pushmataha. He was, as I have been told by those who knew him, one of nature's nobility; a man who would have adorned any society. He lies quietly by the side of our statesmen and high magistrates in the region—for there is one such—where the red man and the white man are on a level. On the sides of the plain shaft that marks his place of burial, I read these words: 'Pushmataha, a Choctaw chief, lies here. This monument to his memory is erected by his brother chiefs, who were associated with him in a delegation from their nation, in the year 1824, to the government of the United States. Pushmataha was a warrior of great distinction. He was wise in council; eloquent in an extraordinary degree; and on all occasions, and under all circumstances, the white man's friend. He died in Washington, on the 24th of December, 1824, of the croup, in the 60th year of his age.' Among his last words were the following: 'When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me.'"

[To be concluded in our next.]

*The Anglo-Saxon Poems of Beowulf: the Traveller's Song, and the Battle of Finnesburh.* Edited by John M. Kemble, Esq. M.A. &c. Second Edition. 12mo. London, 1837. Pickering.

*A Translation of the Anglo-Saxon Poem of Beowulf; with a copious Glossary, Preface, and Philological Notes.* By John M. Kemble, Esq. M.A. &c. 12mo. London, 1837. Pickering.

We have lately had several occasions of expressing our satisfaction at the increasing attention which is every day paid to the language and literature of our forefathers, not only to its pure form in the days of Saxon rule, but also during the long period which followed the breaking up of the Saxon, until the establishment of our language in its present form. In this age, when we have so much reason for looking forwards, it is a gratifying and no unimportant sign to find some tendency to looking back; and we are glad, even taking it in this point of view, to meet with works of any kind that may encourage us to examine and study the past condition of our country. We must add that, in writings in the native tongue

of our island, whether Saxon or English, we must alone hope to find and to understand the true English spirit, which we believe still exists the same, only refined and polished, as it did ten centuries ago. We shall there best see the feeling which raised the institutions about which we have all so much reason to rally in the hour of danger; and we shall there meet with the political and religious sentiments of our forefathers, at different periods and under varying circumstances, most clearly developed. For example, those who would know the condition and doctrines of the Saxon church, let them go to the Saxon homilies, which are preserved in great numbers; and those who would have an accurate knowledge of the state of public feeling in the days of Wickliffe, must seek it in the vernacular poems and writings of that day, in "Piers Plowman," and a host of other works, which we could point out to them. Even the gayer works, such as the romances and the poetry in general, interest us, not only by the light they throw on the state of contemporary society, but by the beautiful flights of imagination which frequently recur in them. Solomon said wisely, that there is nothing new under the sun; and many ideas which we believe to be the growth of to-day, bear ages upon their heads.

The literature of no nation of Europe can boast of a romance which remounts to an age so remote from our days as that which witnessed the formation of the poem of Beowulf. The sole manuscript which contains it was written in the tenth century; and there are many circumstances about it which prove, beyond a doubt, that it had been composed some centuries before. It thus gives us an accurate and striking picture, drawn by one of themselves, of the private and public life of our Saxon forefathers, at a period long before we have any other testimony of it, unless it be that drawn by a foreigner and an enemy, the Roman Tacitus, at a period when they dwelt among the wilds of Germany. Its hero is ever engaged in combats with the monsters who held so prominent a place in the popular creed; its scene alternates from the festive hall to the place of slaughter; and in each the poet has abundant opportunities of giving most interesting traits of society in the Saxon heroic age. We intend to give one sample of the language of this singular poem; and, among the many sketches of manners with which it abounds, we have found it difficult to make a choice. Our extract shall be the death-scene of its hero Beowulf, the king of the Geats or Saxons, who were then situated on the shores of the Baltic. Beowulf, in his old age, is mortally wounded by the dragon which, with the aid of his faithful companion, Wiglaf, he has slain. The latter goes into the dragon's den, and brings out part of the treasures which have been long concealed there, in order to lay them before the eyes of his prince, who dies rejoicing, that, by his death, he has procured treasures for his people. His wish to be buried on the shore, that his mound may be a mark to sailors, might be paralleled from the heroic and semi-heroic ages of Grecian story. Beowulf looked on the gold, and said,—

Text.

"Ic ðara frætwa,  
fréan ealles ðanc  
wuldur-cyninge  
wordu [se] ege  
écu dryhtne,  
þe ic her on starie;  
þes ðe [ic] móste

Translation.

"I give thanks in words  
to the Lord of all,  
the King of Glory,  
the eternal Lord,  
for the treasures  
which I here stare upon;  
that I might

minu leóddu  
ær swylt-dæge  
Swylc ge-[str] ðnan;  
nú ic mæðma hord  
minne be-bóhte  
fróde feorh-lege:  
freemæð ge-na  
leóða þearf:  
ne mæg ic har leng  
wesan;  
hátað heaðo-mere

for my people,  
before my day of death,  
obtain such;  
now I a horde of treasures  
have purchased prudently  
with my death;  
it will be yet of advantage  
at the need of my people:  
longer may I not here be;

command the famous in  
war  
to work a mound,  
bright after the funeral  
fire,

æt brimes nosan

upon the nose of the pro-  
montory,

se seel to ge-myndu

which shall be a memorial

minu leóddu

to my people,

hesh hlifan

rise high aloft

on Hrones nesse;

on Hronenesses,

þæt hit se-liðend

that the sea-sailors

syððan hátan

may afterwards call it

Bið-wulfes biorh,

Beowulf's mound,

ða ðe Brentingas

when the Brentings

ofer flóda ge-nipu

drive afar over

feorran drifað.

the darkness of the floods."

Dyde him of healse,

The prince, bold of mind,

hring gyldenre,

did from his neck

þiðden þrist-hydg

the golden ring,

þegne ge-sealde,

(he gave it to his thane,

geongu gár-wigan,

the young warrior,) his

gold-fáhne helm,

helmet coloured like

beah and byrnan,

gold,

hét hynre brúcan well.

a ring and byrnie; he bade him brook them

well.

Ðú eart ende-láf

"Thou art the last rem-

ásses cynnes,

nant,

Wæg-mundinga;

of our kin,

ealle wyrd for-æweð

of the Wægmundings;

all mine magas

fate hath swept away

to metod-scafte,

all my sons

eorlas on elne;

to death,

ic him æfter secal."

warriors in their valour; I must follow them."

Ðæt was þa gomelan

That was the last word

gingaste word,

of the old prince,

breost-ge-hygðum,

in the thought of his

ær he bæc cure,

breast,

before he chose the funeral

háte heaðo-wylmas:

fire,

him of hwæðre ge-wát

the hot war-waves:

sáwol sécan

from his bosom departed

sóð-fæstra ðóm."

the soul to seek

V. 5583.

the glory of the just.

For the study of the Anglo-Saxon language the two volumes by Mr. Kemble (the best of our Anglo-Saxon scholars) are invaluable treasures. The first volume is a reprint, with many improvements, of his former edition of the Saxon text. The second volume, which may be had separately, contains, 1. a long and curious preface; 2. a literal translation of the whole poem; 3. a complete glossary, both to Beowulf and, in some measure, to the whole mass of Anglo-Saxon poetry; and 4. an appendix of valuable and necessary philological notes. We are glad to hear that these volumes are not to be the only contributions by Mr. Kemble to the library of the Anglo-Saxon scholar: he has another work now in the press. He is making great progress with a Saxon mythology; and we understand that he is employing his leisure on a complete dictionary of the Saxon tongue, which has already made no small progress, and will be exceedingly welcome to all scholars.



*Modern India; with Illustrations of the Resources and Capabilities of Hindostan.* By H. H. Spry, M.D. F.G.S. &c. Bengal Medical Staff. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Whittaker and Co.

PERSONAL observation, the best of all sources for a popular work of this kind, supplies the materials for this view of Modern India. Its history is not compiled from Hindú or Mahometan books, but studied on the spot; and the pictures of living manners are very complete. We do not know any publication which can afford so general and satisfactory an idea of our vast eastern empire, and none, therefore, more likely to be useful to all persons who are desirous of being well informed on the subject. To illustrate this opinion, we may almost open these volumes at any part, and transfer a few pages, as specimens, into our columns. *Ex. gr.*

"The division of Chittagong, appertaining to the eastern portion of the province of Bengal, has been selected for the grand depot established for the purpose of taming and rearing the Company's elephants. The superintendent of the stud despatches men skilled in the pursuit, into the neighbouring blue mountains, in the direction of Ava, who hunt down and secure these valuable animals. Many, however, are born and reared at the Company's establishment. The pursuit of wild elephants in these regions has brought us acquainted with a race of cannibals scarcely to be distinguished from the monkeys with which they herd. Were not the information relative to these people so strongly authenticated as to leave no doubt upon the minds of those who desire to make inquiries upon the subject, the reader might justly refuse to credit the existence of a set of savages, scarcely worthy of the name of man. But, having gathered the following particulars concerning them from the able and enterprising officer who held a staff appointment from the government, as superintendent of the stud, I am enabled to offer them to the public as facts, which can be corroborated by the testimony of all who are connected with the elephant depot at Chittagong. The Kookees, as these brutal wretches are called, have, according to the account afforded me by Major Gairdner, protuberant bellies; they are low in stature, with set features, and muscular limbs. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, and build their villages on the boughs of the forest trees. They do not appear to have any settled abiding place, but wander in herds from one wilderness to another. When a site favourable to their purpose has been found, the whole community immediately set to work to collect bamboos and branches of trees, which are afterwards fashioned into platforms, and placed across the lofty boughs of the different trees. On this foundation, the rude grass superstructure is raised which forms the hut. When these sheds are completed, and every family provided with a habitation, the women and children are taken into their aerial abodes. The men then lop off all the branches within reach of the ground, and, having constructed for themselves a rough ladder of bamboos, they ascend the trees by means of this rude staircase, drawing it up after them to prevent the intrusion of strangers, and a necessary precaution against the encroachments of their four-footed companions of the forest. In this manner they repose, floating in the branches, and cradled by the wind, partaking more of the savage ferocity of brutes than the milder charities of man. To persons who have travelled much in India, the mere circumstance of a whole tribe of natives choosing to take up their permanent habitations

in the trees would not excite much surprise, since the watchmen who are employed in the charge of mango-groves, or other valuable fruit cultivations, often form a sort of nest on the branches of some neighbouring trees,—a small hut, or rather shed, just sufficient to shield the body from the inclemency of the weather, being raised upon a platform resting on the boughs. The Kookees, therefore, in this particular, only differ from more civilised natives, forced by necessity upon expedients of the kind, by living constantly in trees; in other respects there is, fortunately, no similarity even to the most degraded beings of the human race. They openly boast of their feats of cannibalism, shewing, with the strongest expressions of satisfaction, the bones and residue of their fellow-creatures who have fallen a prey to their horrible appetites. So intent are they in their search after human flesh, that the superintendent was always obliged to send out the men, employed in hunting the elephants, armed with muskets, and in not fewer than parties of ten. One poor man they unfortunately caught while off his guard, and devoured him almost before his life-blood had congealed in his veins. Attempts have been made to subdue and civilise these people, and one of their head men was won over, and employed by Major Gairdner at the elephant depot; but he could not be induced to relinquish his old habits. In a short time he was detected in the commission of a murder, and was executed by the civil authorities of Chittagong. When the tidings of this man's fate reached the ears of his former associates, they became greatly incensed, and for a long time afterwards exerted themselves, happily in vain, to obtain possession of the person of the superintendent, who had frequently occasion to cross their path in the execution of his duty. These people, strange as it may appear, are living within 150 miles of Calcutta, the metropolis of British India and the seat of government; and yet their existence even is scarcely known by the people who are not in authority—comparatively little information from the woods and jungles of the savage portions of Bengal finding its way to the Calcutta newspapers. The existence of cannibals in India is a fact only recently established, and many were of opinion that the races were extinct; it has now, however, been proved beyond all question, that the Kookees who infest the blue mountains of Chittagong, and the Goands, inhabiting the hill forests of Nagpore, both feed upon human flesh. There is this distinction in favour of the latter, that they partake of it only occasionally, and in compliance with a religious custom, while the Kookees delight and banquet on the horrid repast."

Of superstitions, the following are examples. "Among the endless superstitions of the natives are some observed by the farmers of this province, connected with the sugar-cane, which, from their singularity, will doubtless prove amusing. The sugar-cane and betel plant are both regarded by the Benares farmers in a sacred and superior light. The sacred appellation for the cane is Nag'bele. On the 25th October, termed by these people Deut'han, they proceed to the fields, and, having sacrificed to Nag'bele, a few canes are afterwards cut and distributed to those cormorants the Brahmins. According to the rules of established usage and custom, until these ceremonies are performed, no persuasion or inducement can prevail on any one of them to taste the cane, or to make any use whatever of it. On the 25th May, termed the Desharah, a different precaution is universally taken. At this

time the cane-planting for the year is over, and it not unfrequently happens that a few canes still remain standing; for it is usual to reserve certain portions of the canes of the preceding year in the fields, without cutting them, to serve as plants for their new cultivation. Whenever this happens the proprietor repairs to the spot, and having sacrificed to Nag'bele, as in the preceding case, he immediately sets fire to the whole, and is exceedingly careful to have this operation executed efficiently and efficaciously. The cause of this extraordinary practice proceeds from a superstitious notion of a very singular nature. They apprehend, that, should the old canes be allowed to remain in the ground beyond the 25th May, they would, in all probability, produce flowers and seed—a circumstance which it is supposed would prove one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall them. The cultivators unanimously assert, that, if the proprietor of a plantation should happen to catch a glance of a single cane in flower, the greatest calamities will not only befall him, but also his parents, children, and property; in short, that death will bestir himself among his family, and not cease till he has destroyed the whole. If the servant of the proprietor happens to see the flower, and immediately pulls it from the stock, buries it in the earth, and never reveals the circumstance to his master, no evil consequences are expected to result; but should the matter reach the proprietor's ears, then the calamities before mentioned will infallibly ensue. In support of this belief, many of the oldest zumeendars and cultivators recite instances falling within their own personal knowledge, wherein they have unhappily been witnesses of the evils and misfortunes which befel those ill-fated mortals, whose destiny led them to behold so untoward a sight. These superstitions are so deeply rooted in the minds of all the rural population, that they must have originated in a period of high antiquity."

A sketch of manners is curious enough, and quite new to us.

"Conformably to the state of subordination in which Hindú women are placed, it has been judged expedient to debar them the use of letters. The Hindús hold the inviolable opinion, that acquired accomplishments are not necessary to the domestic habits of the female; either as contributing to her individual happiness, or in preserving that decorum of character and simplicity of manners which alone render her useful or amiable in the estimation of her family. They urge, that a knowledge of literature would divert the attention of a woman from her household cares; and, by infusing discontent into her mind, give her a disrelish for the performance of those offices which should alone afford her satisfaction, and constitute the only amusement in which she can, with propriety and a due observance of rectitude of conduct, partake. Such is the force of custom, that a Hindú lady would incur a severe reproach were it known that she could read or write. It must not be concluded from the foregoing statement, that all Asiatic ladies are kept in bondage, and have no will of their own. Notwithstanding their fondness for home, Mahomedan ladies enjoy privileges which few husbands in the free countries of the west would be disposed to concede to them. Like the stern resolves promulgated by the lady-matrons who presided over the courts of love in former times in Europe, the Asiatic ladies have their code feminine. In it their privileges are duly stated, and so satisfactorily explained as to leave no doubt of their impartiality and independence.

The book is called *Kitabi Kuslum Nanéh*, or the Book of Kuslum Nanéh. The work is, however, the production of a conclave of seven learned ladies, Kuslum Nanéh being only the chief personage. The ladies in their poem declare their purpose in the following language:—

Here Persia's matrons, skill'd in worldly lore,  
Assert the power their mothers held of yore;  
In council deep, grave matters they debate,  
And household cares, and mysteries, too, relate;  
Proudly in solemn conclave they unfold  
By what nice conduct husbands are controll'd;  
Tell of the spells which check conubial strife,  
And the vagaries of a woman's life.  
These moral laws the sex's homage claim,  
And shed renown on Kuslum Nanéh's name.

According to these ladies there are three classes of husbands in the world:—1. A proper man. 2. Half a man. And, 3. A *hupul-hupla*. A proper man at once supplies whatever necessities or indulgencies his wife may require. He never presumes to go out without his wife's permission, nor do any thing contrary to her wish. Your half man of the second class is a very poor snivelling wretch, always meddling, with but little furniture in his house, and just a sufficiency of bread and salt to maintain life—never on any occasion enjoying the least degree of comfort. The wife sits in the house and works. It is therefore *wajib* (correct) in that industrious woman to reply harshly to whatever he says; and if he beats her it is *wajib* for her to bite and scratch him, and pull his beard, and do every thing in her power to annoy him. If his severity exceeds all bounds let her petition the *kasi* and get a divorce. The third class, or *hupul-hupla*, has nothing—no friends. He wants to dress and live luxuriously, but is totally destitute of means. If the wife of such a man absent herself from his house, even for ten days and ten nights, he must not, on her return, ask her where she has been; and if he sees a stranger in the house, he must not ask who it is, or what he wants. Whenever he comes home, and finds the street-door shut, he must not knock, but retire, and not presume to enter till he sees it thrown open. Should he act contrary to this, the wife must immediately demand a divorce. Kuslum adds a separate remark of her own, and declares, that if such a husband should afterwards even beg to be pardoned, and allowed to resume his former habits, it would be wrong in the wife to remain a single day under his roof. On the chapter embracing the conduct of husband and wife, the learned seven declare that man to be deserving of praise who confines himself to one wife: for if he take two he is wrong, and will certainly repent of his folly. The ladies, however, are not strict in exacting a similar observance from their own sex: for Kuslum Nanéh expresses her astonishment how a woman can live all her life with one husband. Why should he, she innocently inquires, deprive her of the full enjoyment of this world's comforts? Days and years roll on and are renewed, whilst a woman continues the same melancholy inmate in the same melancholy house of her husband. She has no renewal of happiness—none. The lady piteously exclaiming—

'The seasons change, and spring  
Renews the bloom of fruit and flower;  
And birds, with fluttering wing,  
Give life again to dell and bower.  
But what is woman's lot?  
No change her anxious heart to cheer,  
Confined to one dull spot,  
To one dull husband all the year.'

Among the duties to be inculcated on the part of the mamma, Kuslum Nanéh particularly specifies the acts of endearment as being necessary for the daughter: how to dart amorous glances with effect; how to play off coquettish airs,

blandishments, heart-ravishing smiles; and, in short, every characteristic of an accomplished beauty. This is both *wajib* and *sunnat*, necessary and expedient, according to the traditions of Mah'ummed."

Does the following belong to natural history? The scene is Lucknow.

"Amid the numerous sights which the city of Lucknow affords, none attracted my attention more strongly than the royal menagerie. To see this collection, it is necessary to have a private order from the palace, and a servant of the household usually accompanies the stranger to the keeper. I mention this place, in preference to several others equally interesting, because I do not recollect, in the numerous recent sketches given to the world of the city of Lucknow, that any account has been given of this menagerie. The building presents a spacious quadrangular pile, the façade being inwards, with a line of pillars forming a piazza. Up and down this covered way the cages and dens of the animals are constructed. Sauntering about, examining the half-starved tigers, and other ferocious beasts and ravenous birds that were here congregated together, judge my astonishment at discovering, confined in a line with these zoological specimens, a being belonging to the human race! The keeper styled him a wild man, or a *jungle ke admee*, and told a story of his having been dug out of a cave, with two others, in the depths of the Teryaee forests, which lie between the city of Fyzabad, in Oude, and Nipál: that they understood no language, and, consequently, nothing could be discovered regarding them, more than they were *jungle ke admeen*. The sight of this poor creature filled me with very melancholy sensations. He had been provided with a low bed-frame (I forget whether he was tied on it), in a line with the tigers, and was duly exhibited as one of the varieties of untamed animals. In height he was about five feet five inches, of a spare habit, and weak frame. His features partook of the ordinary cast of his civilised brethren, and had nothing of a ferocious aspect about them; neither had the body any superfluous or redundant hair. At the usual hour his food was brought him, with the rest of the caged animals; and, having partaken of it, like them he sank to repose. On my speaking to him, he uttered an unintelligible sound, between a screech and a yell. He seemed evidently unconscious of his degraded and melancholy condition, and certainly could not be regarded as a responsible being. I could not arrive at any accurate knowledge of his age. He had been in confinement about three years. To appearance, he seemed about 25 or 26. After a careful survey, I became impressed with the conviction that the miserable wretch was an idiot, and that the account which the keepers gave me must be considered as one of those florid amplifications for which the Orientals are so much distinguished. That creatures, however, in 'human form divine,' do exist in a state closely approaching to wildness, I have sufficiently shewn in the earlier part of this volume. The cannibals, called Kookées, who infest the Blue Mountains, lying between Chittagong and Ava, who live in the branches of trees, and feed on human flesh and roots, can scarcely be considered other than wild and brutish animals, and afford to the philanthropist and philosopher a field for melancholy contemplation."

We shall, probably, devote another notice to the second volume; and have only to add, that the whole performance is full of entertaining and instructive reading.

*Travels in Crete.* By Robert Pashley, Esq. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Murray.

THESE two volumes present us with an account of Mr. Pashley's wanderings in Crete during the spring and summer of 1834. Mr. Pashley has viewed the scenes through which he has passed with the eye of a scholar both in ancient and modern lore; and, while he describes the political and natural features of Crete in the present day, loses no opportunity of transporting us to the classical feast. The work opens with an able Introduction, putting the reader in possession of the history of these "minora regna," from the outbreaking of the Greek revolution to the winter of 1833. At the commencement of this period, the island was in a most disturbed and wretched state: it was under the government of a pasha, appointed by the sublime porte, who depended entirely on the janissaries. This turbulent body of men, conscious of their importance, filled the unhappy island with every species of violence, with impunity, completely terrifying the local authorities; and, under the Mahomedan sway, the Christian population were exposed to all sorts of oppression and insult. One tribe alone, the Sfakians, preserved their independence; and, when the Greek revolution broke out, the Christians, headed by this courageous people, in less than a year drove the Mohammedans into the fortified towns. In 1822, the Viceroy of Egypt despatched 7000 Albanians to the assistance of the besieged, but without success. In 1824, however, the Greeks, attacked by still stronger forces, were obliged to yield: but being again, if possible, more cruelly treated, in 1829 they again succeeded in shutting up the Mahomedans in the towns; and would, in all probability, have entirely banished them, had not the three allied powers given up the island to Mehmet Ali. This decision was equally unpopular among the Christians and Turks; the one merely changing masters, and the others losing all their former importance. The Christians, after some unsuccessful appeals to the English, submitted; 30,000, however, notwithstanding the specious promises made by the Egyptian viceroy to detain them, left their native land. Under this new government, for some time, every thing went on very smoothly; but the viceroy soon began to alienate the good-will of the inhabitants by the imposition of heavy and irregular taxes. Crete continued for many months in a disturbed state, under the wily management of Mehmet, who disappointed, by his clever pretexes and contrivances, all the hopes the Cretans had formed from the interference of the foreign powers. Having succeeded in lulling, in some degree, the watchfulness of the European agents at Alexandria, he determined to strike terror into the inhabitants, by making an example of some of those who had risen and formed a species of council to preserve the liberties of the island. Ten of the so-called conspirators were, accordingly, hanged; and this was followed by about twenty other executions. Mr. Pashley says,—"Doubtless, if these measures had been anticipated, the Sfakians would have risen in open revolt, and would have been joined by all the inhabitants of both religions in the country; but the executions took place simultaneously, and without any one's having expected such a catastrophe." This was the condition of Crete when our author arrived at Khenia.

It will be impossible to follow Mr. Pashley through his track; and we must be content with extracting one or two passages, which will

give our readers some idea of the amusing and instructive manner in which the author describes the scenes he has witnessed. Here is a visit to the tomb of no less a personage than Jupiter himself.

"I found, as a guide up the mountain, a shepherd, who had become acquainted with the tomb of Zeus in tending his flock. A good hour was spent in reaching the summit; towards the northern extremity of which I observed foundations of the massive walls of a building, the length of which was about eighty feet. Within this space is an aperture in the ground, which may, perhaps, once have led into a moderate-sized cave; but, whatever may have been its former size, it is now so filled up that a man cannot stand in it, and its diameter is not above eight or ten feet. These, then, are the only remains of that object of deep religious veneration, the supposed tomb of 'the Father of gods and men,' with its celebrated inscription,

'All which devouring Time, in his so mighty waste,  
Demolishing these walls, hath utterly defaced:  
So that the earth doth feel the ruinous heaps of stones,  
That with their burdens weight now press his sacred bones.'

I now stand on the spot in which Zeus was supposed to be at rest from all celestial and terrestrial cares, and which was so celebrated during many ages. The testimony of a long series of ancient and ecclesiastical authors, proves fully and distinctly, that the tomb remained an object of curiosity to strangers, and of veneration to the Cretans, from an early period till after the age of Constantine. The legal establishment of Christianity, as the paid religion of the state, by that emperor, did but little in Greece towards extinguishing the ancient superstitions. The Christian ruler of the Roman world, in his earnest desire for the conversion of all his heathen subjects, undoubtedly held out many strong inducements to make them adopt the newly established religion: he bestowed temporal prizes on conformity, and, sometimes, used violence and persecution to attain his end. Still he professed to tolerate those who adhered to the old theology: 'let not any one molest another, but let each person follow the religion which he prefers,' were his words, although his conduct did not always correspond with them. We find that the Cretans continued to worship the old deities of their island, and to venerate the tomb of Zeus, half a century after this legal establishment of Christianity throughout the empire. It was only when the Spaniard Theodosius made himself the blind instrument of orthodox fanatics, and annexed the severest penalties to the celebration of the sacrifices and ceremonies of the old religion, that the corrupted Christianity of the fourth century prevailed. Those who wish not to see penal laws applied to religious opinions, will regret that such unholy aids should have been had recourse to, in order to accelerate the triumph of the Christian faith, which its own truth, and its comparatively tolerant establishment by Constantine, must, soon or late, have caused to spread into every part of the empire. After the Theodosian persecution of the heathens, we hear no more of the tomb of Zeus as an object of reverence to the people of his native island; but, at all events, it seems as if the pomp and glories of the old religion retained, for nearly four centuries after the Christian era, an unrelaxed hold on the convictions and affections of the Cretan people, notwithstanding the labours of Titus, and the elders whom he established among them. And it does not surprise us that Christianity should have failed to take root

suddenly and deeply in a mountainous country like Crete; the inhabitants of which, though they must have been pretty free from that vain wisdom and false philosophy which made the disputants in the school of Athens turn a deaf ear to the preaching of St. Paul, yet, being a nation of mountaineers, would naturally be like the other Pagans of whom we read, and the stubbornness of whose hearts it was every where difficult to overcome. We should, also, remember that their country was the very stronghold of heathen superstitions: the birth-place not only of the king of heaven, but of many of its other deities, so that,

Al tempo degli dei falsi e bugiardi,

scarcely a fountain, or stream, or glen existed in it, where ancient traditions were not preserved of the time when gods dwelt among the sons and daughters of men. A well-known complot of Callimachus accuses the Cretans of being liars, because they asserted that the immortal Zeus had been buried in a tomb which, as the poet says, was the work of their own hands. I know not why the religious zeal of this learned writer should have taken offence at the Cretan tradition, that Zeus was buried in the land of his birth. According to other ancient legends, similar fates befel many of the gods: Hermes was interred at Hermopolis, Ares in Thrace, Aphrodite in Cyprus, and the tomb of the Theban Dionysos was long shewn at Delphi. It is evident that, if Zeus was not exempted from the common lot of humanity, he could have no fitter resting-place than in his native island. And his fate was not unusual, even if we view him as the supreme ruler of heaven and earth: his father, Kronos, paid the debt of nature, and was buried at Mount Caucasus; Uranos had perished long before; and, according to the Orphic traditions, those ancient and mighty rulers of the world who preceded him, Phanes and Night, had also endured the common fate of gods and men. Still less reason shall we find for peculiar indignation at the Cretan legend, when we remember that Aeschylus ventured to make Prometheus declare, even before an Athenian audience, that Zeus would very soon be hurled with disgrace from his throne, as his predecessors had been."

The following remarks on the Cretan wine are interesting.

"The growth of the vine here may, perhaps, have received a check while the Saracens were masters of the island, in the ninth and tenth centuries: but, if so, it soon recovered; and, while Crete still belonged to the Byzantine empire, its sweet wine was again celebrated. Theodore Ptochoprodromos mentions it, with that of Mytilene, as opposed to the Chian. From the period of the Venetian conquest, Italy again enjoyed Cretan wines, which were not long in finding their way into the other countries of Europe. At the moment of the great insurrection of the Venetian colonists, in 1363, as detailed in several unpublished manuscripts of St. Mark's library, wine was one of the principal exports of the island. Somewhat less than a century afterwards, Buondelmonti travelled in Crete, and wine still held the first place among the exports. About the same time, Prince Henry of Portugal sent to Crete for plants to stock the island of Madeira, where the first Portuguese colony was established in 1421. The wine of Crete is said, by Aeneas Sylvius, who also flourished in the fifteenth century, to have been in great request even in Bohemia; and a Carthusian monk, who visited the island in 1507,

on his way to the Holy Land, makes especial mention of the Cretan wine and honey. The commerce between Crete and England, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was so great, that Henry the Eighth, in 1522, appointed one Balthazari as 'the master, governor, protector, and consul, of all and singular the merchants and others, his lieges and subjects within the port, island, or country, of Crete or Candia.' The staple export of Crete was its wine; and the return obtained by it from England consisted chiefly of woollen cloths, a branch of commerce which was subsequently obtained by the French. Thervet and Belon both write in the middle of the sixteenth century, and both bear testimony to the abundance and excellence of the Cretan wines. An English traveller, in 1569, mentions the exportation of malmesey as the common trade of the island. The wood annually imported, in order to make casks to hold it, was a considerable article of commerce. Sandys, who wrote more than forty years later, after speaking of the other produce of Crete, subjoins, 'but that which principally enricheth the country is their muscadines and malmesies, wines that seldom come vnto vs vnputed, but excellent where not, as within the streights, and compared vnto nectar.'

'Crete I confesse joues fortress to be,  
For nectar only is transferrd from thee.'

The testimony of the English traveller is confirmed by that of a contemporary Italian bishop, who was born in Crete, and who, when he speaks of his native land as 'vini ferax,' immediately adds,—

'Ignoscere vini exidit nomen mihi,  
Nectar vobis dicere, aut si quid magis  
Beat liquare lauta diuin prandia.'

Another testimony to the excellence of the Cretan wine is also, afforded by a passage of Ben Jonson. In 'The Generall Historie of the Turkes,' by Knolles, published at London, in 1603, I find the island spoken of as 'now most famous through a great part of the world, for the good malmesey which there groweth, and is from thence in great abundance sent into many farre countries.' England is mentioned as one of these countries by the proveditor-general, Foscarini, in his report to the senate at Venice, made in 1576; and he also speaks of the excellence of the Cretan wine. Wine seems to have been produced in great quantities in the island, till it came into the possession of the Turks. Since that event, the juice of the Cretan grape is rarely met with out of the island; but all modern travellers who have tasted it are unanimous in celebrating its praises. I must quote the very words in which they are sung by Falconer:—

'Relaxed from toil the sailors range the shore,  
Where famine, war, and storm, are felt no more;  
The hour to social pleasure they resign,  
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.'

The letter-press is accompanied by a clear and useful map; and the engravings, which are plentifully scattered through the two volumes, add much to the amusement derived from the whole. To all those who take any pleasure in seeing the customs of by-gone days illustrated by similar curious observances of the present times, and delight in viewing the past, though in a somewhat altered shape, in the acts that are still passing before them, we can recommend Mr. Pashley's book, as connecting ancient and modern ages in a most agreeable and interesting degree.



*Austria and the Austrians.* 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. H. Colburn.

THIS appears to be a sensible and impartial work, giving a very fair view of the Austrian empire, its political position, its royal family, aristocracy, middle classes, and general population; with their institutions, manners, literature, amusements, and all matters which mark the condition of a country. Of the manner in which this is done, the following will suffice to afford a criterion. A general remark compares the German with the English and French national character. The author observes:—

"Morally speaking, I should say, that the characteristics which most prominently distinguish the three nations are, ostentation, the English; vanity, the French; and good sense, the Germans. The English, as a people, have, with their ostentation, a high sense of honour, truth, and practical generosity: but even of these, as well as in their display of the power of wealth, and what riches can purchase, to exalt ignorance, they make, too generally, an ostentatious exhibition quite offensive to, and always ridiculous in the opinion of, foreigners. The French, with their excess of vanity, have the talent of making themselves, whether they be sincere or not, agreeable; and possess, above all others, the gift of concealing or suppressing what may offend. The German is equally anxious to avoid giving offence; but in doing so he is less adroit, while he is far more anxious to observe and to know what is practically great in other countries."

Having got to Vienna, we find sketches of the late and present emperors, from which we select a few passages.

"The downfall of Napoleon, and the superior abilities of Prince Metternich at the congress of Vienna, restored Francis to more than former power; and for the last twenty years of his life no private gentleman need have been less disturbed in his tranquillity. The able and celebrated prime minister of his empire, of whom I shall have the opportunity to speak hereafter, had all along relieved him of the labour, not the direction, of governing; but Francis was, however, not an idle man, although he appeared to be so. If Frederick the Second patronised and associated only with philosophers and military favourites, hated women, and acted with much less than bare justice to his *roturier* subjects, Francis the Second, of Austria, shuddered at the name of philosophy, and would sooner have admitted the devil into his society than Voltaire. He restored, to some extent, a few of the monasteries suppressed by Joseph II., and paid great deference, but gave little power, to the priests. He went at regular hours to hear mass, said his prayers, confessed his sins, and religiously gave the precedence to the pope's nuncio over all ambassadors. Francis was fond of the society of women, yet faithful to the marriage-bed. He loved his obedient people, and delighted to see them. He gave all classes a free audience twice a-week; he attended to their petitions without distinction of persons; and he was fond, to the extreme of vanity, and perhaps it was his only vanity, of believing himself implicitly considered by them as their father, and in believing them, especially the Austrians, as children who enjoyed his most parental affection. Certainly no monarch was ever more loved than he was by his German subjects, who daily repeat anecdotes of the goodness of *Vater Franz*. During the cholera, the emperor when walking, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, near Schönbrunn, met a bier carrying a body to the cemetery, but not followed by any one. The emperor asked

'why the corpse was abandoned?' 'It is, probably, that of some poor friendless person,' replied the aide-de-camp. 'Well, then,' said the emperor, 'it is our duty to accompany it to the grave.' So saying, the emperor took off his hat, placed his arm within that of his aide-de-camp, and both, uncovered, followed the coffin to the cemetery, where Francis himself threw the first spadeful of dust over the body. 'This,' say the Viennese, with a thousand others which they tell of him, 'shew how sensible our good *Vater Kaiser Franz* was of human equality.' When he opened that magnificent promenade near the Prater, the *au-garten*, to the public, a noble lady said to him, 'Emperor, I can no longer walk among my equals in rank.' 'If I were confined to my equals in rank,' replied Francis, 'I must take my daily walks in the vaults of the Capucins,\* but I prefer the Prater and *au-garten*, among my people.' The French considered Francis *comme une sorte de roi faînéant*, and the English may have also, to some extent, taken this opinion upon Gallic trust; but I have said that the late emperor was not an idle prince. No; Francis was laborious, active, and vigilant. He understood, not only all the languages, but all the dialects of his empire. He rose early, and often worked twelve hours a-day.

"To all who approached the late emperor, he spoke with what is termed *bonhomie* by the French; and to all he was equally unaffected in his demeanour. With ordinary plain sense, with ample talents for ruling a submissive nation,—fond of peace, and dreading whatever might disturb the tranquillity of the empire, or create any change in the actual state of the people, or in the existing administration,—he was evidently not gifted with that sagacity, that political wisdom, or that strong judgment, which form the first order of powerful minds. If he had, the affecting tale of Silvio Pellico would never have appeared, to prove that the humanity of Francis II. was only obliterated by his fears. If others, even the members of his own family, had in any way acquired popularity, it drove him mad: he, alone, would monopolise its possession. He loved accepted truths, which were often fallacies, and which he styled historical rights; dreaded doubts, either in respect to the established government or to the established religion. The very mention of representative governments terrified him. When he visited Milan, among others, an eminent professor was introduced to him, who was considered to have made some important discoveries in the constitution of the atmosphere. Startled by the word, Francis exclaimed, 'Costituzione! costituzione! ah! e quella parola che ci ha fatto tanto male!' 'Constitution! constitution! that word has subjected us to many evils!' When the deputies of Hungary were presented to him at Laybach, 'In your pursuit after ideal constitutions,' said the emperor, 'totus mundus stultizatur.' Francis, with all his amiable personal qualities, did not belong, as an administrator, to the character of the age. Politically speaking, he ought to have died, before his grandmother, Maria Theresa, was born. The tempest of the first French revolution laid his judgment prostrate at the moment he ascended the throne; and, from that day until the hour he signed his last superstitious will, the dreaded evils of innovation influenced all his conclusions and all his actions. The last French revolution drove

\* "In the vaults of the Capucins are deposited the bodies of the deceased imperial family: the hearts are placed in silver jars deposited in the church of St. Augustin, while the viscera are preserved in copper urns in the crypt of St. Stephen's."

him to utter despair: 'Alles ist vertoren! Alles ist vertoren!' he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his political despondency. After the reforming impulse given the empire by Joseph II., posterity may with reason curse their ancestors for submitting to the retrograding rule of a self-willed despotic emperor, in the person of a simple-mannered and benevolent man."

Of the reigning emperor we are told,—

"The manufacturing industry of the empire seems to have engaged his attention at that period; and unless he has examined the subject on sound principles, I should fear that a predilection may have consequently been formed to maintain home fabrics at the expense of the general national wealth. The object of his labours has been the formation of a museum of national productions and manufactures: that is, the collecting and arranging specimens, first, of raw materials from the three kingdoms of nature; second, of manufacturing industry, and, third, of machines and models. Having devoted his time to this very industrious and useful, but not very difficult task, those employed have succeeded in forming the most interesting collection imaginable. Before his accession, it was supposed that his ideas of government were decidedly liberal,—that he disliked his father's prime minister too much for the latter to remain in power. The letter, written immediately after the death of Francis, by his successor (?), to Prince Metternich, at once disproved the supposition, that Ferdinand would depart willingly from the existing order of managing public affairs."

The author's opinions of the Austrian character, generally, are very favourable: but we will close with a few further extracts; and, as he seems to be one of the bureaucracy, an *attaché* to the English embassy, we begin with Metternich.

"I have not met any one who has known Prince Metternich personally, who did not speak highly of him as a man, however much they may have differed from him in their ideas of public government. I have also found that all those who have made his acquaintance, have, in consequence, been completely deceived in their previous ideas of this celebrated personage. He has, certainly, much in his personal character that is kind, and which, under another form of government, would render him very popular. He is religiously Catholic, but tolerant in regard to every other profession of faith."

Of Murat it is related:—

"Early in 1814, he attempted to seduce Prince Eugene Beauharnois, and proposed that he should abandon France, and unite their forces to those of the Austrian general, Bellegarde. The high-minded Eugene, disgusted at the proposal, said, 'Never would he betray a benefactor.' Murat, forgetting his origin and the gratitude due to Napoleon, signed, without scruple, an armistice with Austria."

We conclude with a character not altogether different:—

"Hungary and Transylvania have, at various periods, been as famed for bandits as Spain or Italy; although their exploits have been but little known to western Europe. About twenty-five years ago, a formidable band spread terror over eastern Hungary, Transylvania, and the Banat. For a long time, every attempt to subdue them, and every plan to surprise them, failed. At length, suspicion fell upon a shepherd, who came regularly from the mountains to Lobosch, to purchase wine, in quan-

\* "All is lost! all is lost!"

titles too great, and of a quality too good, for the ordinary consumption of that part of the country. The shepherd was seized; and threats and promises extorted from him the confession that he purchased the wine for the robbers,—that their number was about one hundred,—that their retreat was of difficult access, in one of the largest caverns in Transylvania, and so strongly fortified at the entrance that they would be able to destroy all who approached it. The shepherd was both frightened and bribed to betray them. If the stratagem failed, and the shepherd did not return, his wife and children, who were retained by the governor of Lobosch as hostages, were to be executed. If it succeeded, the shepherd was to have a free pardon, and a pension of one hundred florins for life. He was then ordered to proceed with the wine as usual, into which opium was infused. The robbers got drunk, and slept upon it; the cavern was surprised and taken, and the whole of the bandits were hung in chains on the mountain above the cavern. The chief of the bandits who are now so formidable in Hungary is called Schubri, or Sobri. Various accounts of his birth and character have been given from time to time. It was first believed that he was of noble birth; and the heroism of his character, and his daring boldness, were the general theme of conversation at all the inns and little towns of Hungary. It was then given out that he was one of the class of wandering shepherds, who have, certainly, produced more brigands than honest men. Schubri's audacious appearance, where he is least expected, exhibits him frequently in a most daring position. He enters towns by himself; dines at *table-d'hôte*; and, on leaving, says to the guests, 'I am off, and you will boast of having dined with Schubri!' Not long since, several noblemen dined at a *table-d'hôte* in Szarvas, a stranger entered, sat down as a traveller at the table, amused the guests by his anecdotes and conversation, and, after dinner, bowed to the company, and said, on leaving the room, 'Gentlemen, it is Schubri whose company you have had. Adieu! till we meet again.' His hand was at hand; and not long after, he entered the schloss of one of the nobles he had dined with, saying,—'I have occasion for two hundred ducats, and must have them at once, or I will instantly make your heir lord of this castle.' Not long since it was announced that the greater part of his daring band, harassed by detachments of Hungarian troops, were dispersed. This soon turned out a false report: a few of his band were surprised, and three or four taken; among them, were Nagy Janesi, said to be the most bold and dexterous, and Milfait, who has been beheaded, and who has given a curious account of the chief, Schubri. It now appears that this daring brigand is only about twenty-seven years of age, and was born at Funf-kirchen, in which town his father was an extensive tanner, and his uncle a saffron manufacturer, who had in that business realised a fortune. Schubri, when a boy, was so daring, and so often engaged in plots among his fellows, that he gave perpetual uneasiness to his parents. He involved himself in bloody squabbles with the children of the nobles, and he was, consequently, sent from home, and placed in a school at Gotha. He is said to have made extraordinary progress in his studies, first at school, and afterwards in the gymnasium of that town; while he became, at the same time, in the highest degree despotic over the students, who usually submitted to him. At Gotha, he wrote ballads and composed music; and he made his companions sing them, or join

him in the chorus. If they sung out of tune he beat them, yet they obeyed him; and he at last excited them to an insurrection, to storm at night, by torch-light, the numismatic cabinet. Pursued by the soldiers and police, he escaped by swimming the river and burrowing under the stables of the schloss of Friedenstein, and then wandered through Hanover and Holstein to Lubeck, from which he passed over to Upsala, in Sweden, by concealing himself in a vessel of that country, and not appearing until they had nearly crossed the Baltic. He was reduced to extreme distress; and from his father, who had previously sent him sufficient means, he had not heard since the beginning of 1836. He was, in consequence, obliged to leave Upsala, where he had previously determined to reform his life, and apply himself closely to study. Before his departure, however, he commenced his career as a robber. It was winter; and he sallied out of town after dark, dug in the road, then deeply covered with snow, a kind of pit, covered it over with branches, and then with snow. The road, in winter, being confined to little more than a track, the first traveller fell into the pit, and was attacked and robbed by Schubri. This he repeated for four or five nights; but being attacked in the market by the dog of a farmer whom he had robbed, he disappeared immediately from Sweden, and, after landing in Germany, travelled on to Hungary, robbing as often as opportunity enabled him. On reaching Josephstad, in his native country, he wrote his father, boldly avowing his robberies, which he laid entirely to the principle of necessity, and to which, he asserted, the first noble families in Europe owed their origin. He then set to work, with extraordinary management and patience, to organise a band of brigands, to whom he wished to impart a romantic, military, and even chivalrous character. Numerous young men of high or desperate spirit, and overwhelmed with debt, amidst society, soon joined Schubri. His band was also augmented by discharged non-commissioned officers, and romantic students, to an organised body of one hundred well-armed and trained men. In less than seven months, either as a body or in detachments, they have committed the most daring robberies. Schubri, in all attacks, is at their head. In June he had a most desperate engagement with a troop of hussars. He was wounded; but he fought his way with great bravery, and escaped with his men. He was lately, with three of his men, surrounded at night in a farm-yard near the Platten-See, by forty horsemen. His presence of mind and audacity saved him. He directed his companions to throw aside their arms and part of their clothes. He then, followed by them, ran with lighted lanterns to the outer entrance, and addressed the soldiers, as if he belonged to the farm-house, saying, they had better station themselves immediately at the inner gate, to prevent the robbers escaping, as they were desperate, and should be at once surprised in the house, where they were then regaling themselves. The stratagem succeeded, and Schubri and his men were off before the soldiers even approached the house, in which all the inmates were surprised asleep, quite unconscious of what had passed. A few days after, he robbed an estate belonging to the Archduke Charles, of every valuable article he could carry away. He is now said to have a completely organised troop of five hundred men, being reinforced by Bosnians, Pandours, and others. A comedian of Ratisbon, named Kapfen, has lately joined him; and his band,

altogether, consists, not of starving peasants or serfs, but of men degraded by vices, that have rendered them desperate. He has established among them strict discipline; employs a treasurer; pays his men regularly; has a surgeon to dress their wounds; and gives prizes to those who excel in carbine-shooting and in gymnastic feats. He has subordinate officers, and is now said to be forming a troop of cavalry. He probably dreams of becoming a mighty conqueror. Robbing the rich, and never injuring, but, when possible, to assist the poor, is the principle he promulgates. It is said that not a single murder can be traced to him, and that he once ordered one of his gang to be shot for robbing a peasant. A few days ago, a positive account of his capture reached Vienna. His appearance terrifying the country near Hermanstadt, in Transylvania, was given in another account. In fact, he is a second Rob Roy."

*The Life of Thomas Jefferson, &c. &c.* By George Tucker, Virginia. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Knight and Co.

This valuable contribution to the history of America is one of those standard works which our review can only notice and recommend in that light. Analysis and selection are alike impracticable within our limits; and, where politics are so essential a feature of the publication, it is not our practice to enter into opinions. Some of Jefferson's correspondence, not hitherto before the world, possesses considerable interest. There is a good portrait prefixed.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*A Practical Treatise on the Principal Diseases of the Lungs, &c. &c.*, by G. Hume Weatherhead, M.D., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 184. (London, Churchill.)—In December last, there died, according to the published weekly accounts of the metropolis, of lung diseases, no fewer than eleven hundred and thirty-nine human beings, and from 50,000 to 60,000 persons throughout England fall victims every year to consumption alone; it is, then, surprising that the highest medical talent should be sedulously applied to the study of this fatal class of disorders. Among the most eminent and successful of the physicians who have turned their attention especially to the subject is Dr. Weatherhead, the author of this volume; and it is our pleasant duty to recommend it earnestly to the public attention, as containing all the latest and most important medical investigations, such as those by Laennec, Carswell, and Bretonneau, and throwing great light upon the pathology of diseases of the chest.

*Jacob Faithful, &c. &c.* (London, Saunders and Oley.)—Vol. I. of an illustrated edition of Capt. Marryat's Novels, with humorous coloured plates, drawn and etched by W. Buss, and in a binding most appropriate, namely, the material impressed with a ship, in the neatest possible trim.

*The Pulpit, Vol. XXIX.* (London, Sherwood and Co.)—Another volume of this cheap and valuable collection of divinity. Many of the discourses are very eloquent; and the whole a gratifying example of pulpit oratory and piety.

*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Biography of Eminent Statesmen, Vol. IV.*, by G. P. R. James, Esq. (London, Longman and Co.)—This volume contains the biographies of Louis de Haro, Cardinal Dubois, Cardinal Alberoni, and the Duke of Ripperda; all which are written in Mr. James's excellent manner, combining research with sound judgment and acute observation.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Mr. Loudon, F.L.S. sent for exhibition a specimen of the misletoe (*Viscum album*) growing upon a branch of an oak, from a tree at Eastnor Castle. The specimen exhibited a degree of luxuriance more than usual.—Read, a further continuation of Mr. Wood's observations on the European genera of grasses.—The secretary announced that the late Alexander Collic, Esq., surgeon to the colony of Western Australia, had bequeathed to the Society a collection of dried plants gathered by him in that colony.



## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 23d. Rev. W. Whewell, president, in the chair.—A paper, On the supposed ancient state of the North American continent, especially on the extent of an inland sea by which a great portion of its surface is conjectured to have been covered, and on the evidences of progressive drainage of the waters, by Mr. Roy, was commenced.

April 5th. Mr. Greenough, vice-president, in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Roy's paper was concluded. The author of this communication, having been employed in extensive surveys, especially in the lake districts of North America, found, on drawing out sections for professional purposes, that the country everywhere exhibited successive ridges, which encircled the lakes; and, upon comparing sections to the north of Lake Ontario with others to the south, that the ridges exactly corresponded in elevation. The highest of these ridges is 996 feet above the level of the sea, or 762 above that of Lake Ontario; and, connecting this elevation with the physical features of the great valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri, Mr. Roy supposes that the whole of the area bounded on the west by the rocky mountains, from the table land of Mexico to the parallel of 47° of latitude,—on the north by the barrier separating the head waters of the lakes from those of the northern rivers, and extending to Cape Tourment, below Quebec,—and on the east by the hills stretching through the United States to the Gulf of Mexico, formed one vast inland sea, occupying 960,000 square miles. Having thus given the extreme height and supposed extent of the sea, the memoir proceeded to shew by what progressive operations the author considers that the boundaries were broken through and the waters drained, till they were reduced to the detached basins forming the Canadian lakes. These details, however, cannot be understood without the aid of diagrams.—A paper, On the geology of the neighbourhood of Smyrna, by Mr. H. E. Strickland, was then read; but of which, as well as a letter from Mr. Fox, we must postpone our report.

Extracts from two letters on the earthquake in Syria in January last, addressed by Mr. Moore, his majesty's consul-general at Beyrout, to Viscount Palmerston, and communicated by J. Backhouse, Esq. and the honourable W. T. H. Fox Strangways, under secretaries of state. The first letter, dated Beyrout, January 2, 1837, announces that the earthquake was felt in that city at thirty-five minutes past four o'clock in the afternoon of the preceding day. It was accompanied by a rumbling noise, lasted about ten seconds, and appeared to proceed from the north. No buildings were thrown down in the town, but seven or eight without the walls, and one or two lives were lost. In the neighbourhood of Beyrout, the course of the river Ontlias was suspended, and mills built on its banks were deprived of water for some hours. When the stream returned, it was turbid, and of a reddish, sandy colour. During the day of the earthquake, the atmosphere was close, and charged with electricity. Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 66°, but five minutes after the earthquake it rose to 70°. Four or five minutes after the shock, the compass was still agitated. The oldest inhabitants did not remember so severe an earthquake. The second letter was written also at Beyrout, partly on the 9th of January, and partly on the 23d. It contains detailed accounts of the damage which has been done to numerous towns and villages. At Damascus, four mi-

rets and several houses were thrown down; and at Acre, part of the walls and some buildings. Saffet was entirely destroyed, and nearly all the population, amounting to between 4000 and 5000, had perished. The ground near the city was rent into fearful chasms; and, up to the last accounts, shocks were felt daily. Tiberiad was also entirely overthrown, except the baths; and the lake rose and swept away many of the inhabitants. The despatch contains a list of thirty-nine villages which had been totally destroyed, and six partially; and Mr. Moore says, it had been ascertained that the earthquake was felt on a line of five hundred miles in length by ninety in breadth. It was also perceived in the island of Cyprus.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE usual monthly meeting was held on Thursday afternoon. A considerable balance in favour of the society was carried to the account for April: upwards of twenty individuals were elected, and the names of twenty-six candidates for election were read. Six thousand four hundred and ninety-six persons visited the gardens and museum in March. The table shewing the state of the society's stock at the gardens was also read: it exhibited very little alteration as compared with the publication of last month. From a long and interesting communication by George Bennett, Esq. F.L.S. on a species of *Glaucus*, we subjoin the following notes. During a voyage from England to Sydney, New South Wales, in latitude 4° 26' N., and longitude 19° 30' W., with light airs and calms prevailing at the time, a number of damaged and perfect specimens of the *Glaucus hexapterygius*, (Cuv.) were caught in the towing net. On being immediately removed from the net and placed in a glass of sea-water, they resumed their vital actions and floated about in the liquid element, exhibiting a brilliancy of colour and peculiarity of form which excited much admiration. The back of the animals, as well as the upper surface of the fins and digitated processes, and the upper portion of the head and tail, were of a vivid purple colour, varying occasionally in its intensity; the abdomen and under surface of the fins were of a beautiful pearly-white colour, appearing as if it had been enamelled; the usual length of the specimens caught, from the extremity of the head to the tail, was 1½ inches; the body of the animal is sub-cylindrical, terminating in a tail gradually becoming more slender towards the extremity, until it finally terminates in a delicate point. These little animals are very delicate and fragile in their structure, yet they fling themselves about in the water without sustaining any injury. When there is much movement of the water, in carrying the glass from one place to another, they are evidently disturbed and restless, and the fins are dropped: if, therefore, a slight motion of the water disturbs them, what can become of these delicate mollusks during tempestuous weather? can they be similar to the *ephemeris*, doomed to live merely for the space of a day and then perish in myriads? From the immense number seen only from the ship,—and how many myriads extended beyond the range of vision of those around!—it conveyed to the mind some idea of the profusion of human beings inhabiting the wide expanse of ocean, and a feeling of astonishment at the inconceivable variety of forms and constructions to which animation has been imparted by creative power.

## ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 3. The Rev. F. W. Hope, in the

chair.—The minutes of the last meeting having been confirmed, various donations of books and insects were announced, including specimens of the *Chiasognathus Grantii*, a very splendid stag-beetle, from the island of Chiloe. Various interesting species of insects were also exhibited by Lord Prudhoe and others; amongst which was a very fine series of Patagonian *Carabi*, brought home by C. Darwin, Esq. The secretary called the attention of the meeting to the attacks of insects upon some of the pictures in the National Gallery, especially the "Sebastian del Piombo;" and he also read extracts from the Parliamentary Report upon this subject, which led to an extended discussion, in which various remedies were suggested by different members. An extract from a letter addressed to the secretary, by W. Raddon, Esq., was read, giving an account of the injury committed in a stack of wheat by the larva of a lepidopterous insect of considerable size; several of which were exhibited, as well as specimens of the *Musca pumilionis*, a small fly, which had also been very destructive to corn. Extracts were also read from a letter from Van Diemen's Land, containing observations upon the natural productions of that country, by Mr. R. H. Lewis. The following memoirs were also read:—Observations upon the natural history of a species of *Cynipida*, or gall-flies, which produces the small lens-like galls on the underside of oak-leaves, which have long perplexed naturalists, having been regarded by many as *fungi*; by Mr. W. Smith. Further observations upon the economy of the *Scolytus destructor*, or elm-beetle; by W. Spence, Esq. Observations on the insects and larva of insects found in the human body; by the Rev. F. W. Hope: accompanied by figures of various species, chiefly from the collection of the College of Surgeons, which had been obtained from the human body; and, also, by tables of great extent, containing nearly two hundred cases, which the author distributed into three sections, to which he gave the names of *Scotechiasis*, *Canthariasis*, and *Myasis*. The last-mentioned paper produced much discussion, in which Messrs. Bell, Owen, Bracey, Clark, Dr. Blundell, and others, took part. Certificates in favour of the Earl of Burlington and C. F. Jephson, Esq. were read.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday, J. E. Gray, Esq. president, in the chair.—Some members were elected, and others proposed. A paper was read from the secretary, W. M. Chatterley, Esq., being a translation of De Candolle's *Geographical Distribution of Plants*, extracted from "La Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève," which led to an interesting discussion. A specimen of *Potentilla supina*, found by Dr. Bossey at Woolwich, was exhibited. The meeting then adjourned.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

ON Saturday last, Mr. C. W. Williams Wynn, president, in the chair.—Presents were noticed, and members admitted; after which Mr. H. Wilkinson read a paper on the causes which produced the pattern, or watering, on the celebrated sword-blades of Damascus. After alluding to the ancient renown of the Damascuses in the manufacture of swords, and the general belief that the conquest of Damascus, by Timour, in the 14th century, and consequent dispersion of the workmen, had caused the secret to be lost, Mr. Wilkinson observed, that in the

remote times when this celebrity was obtained, all eastern countries were greatly superior in arts to those of Europe, and that the excellence of the swords of Damascus had been much exaggerated from this cause; but that the estimation accorded to them was not warranted by our present experience, as swords of equal, or better quality, might be now manufactured at a twentieth of the price paid for a Damascus blade. The attempts at imitation of these swords had been almost all directed to the external appearance alone; i. e. the watering, or *jower*, which Mr. Wilkinson considered had never been successfully produced. From several years' attention to the subject, he had reason to believe that the natives of the East were either totally ignorant of the cause of the desired appearance themselves, or that they made a mystery of that which was, in fact, none. Several attempts had been made in Europe; all of which had proved failures: they had improved neither the appearance nor the quality of the blade; and, in general, had done no more than produce a certain external watering, which might deceive a person unacquainted with the real sabre. From this condemnation he expected the process of Signor Creveli, an Italian, which was calculated to produce blades of great beauty, and equal to any ever made at Damascus; though he trusted he should be able to prove that Signor Creveli's process was not that of the Damascus manufacturers. Mr. Wilkinson here explained the process adopted by Creveli, which consisted of a peculiar intermixture of iron and steel. He illustrated his explanation by pieces of lead and copper, bent into the required shapes. Another method, Mr. Wilkinson observed, had been adopted in Georgia. It consisted in twisting alternate laminae of iron and steel, and welding them together: the process was well known in Europe; but it produced a metal totally unfit to form the edge of any cutting instrument. A few of these were made by Goork, of Teflis; almost all of which were in the possession of kings. The one on the table had been made for the Emperor of Russia, by whom it had been presented to the late Shah of Persia: it was given by him to Colonel Hart, on whose death it was bought by Sir John Campbell, for 35*l*. In all swords of this sort, the damasked portion was, simply, an ornamental band, introduced near the back of the blade, being, as before observed, unfit to form a cutting edge. The real cause of the *jower*, or watering of the Damascus blades, Mr. Wilkinson conceived to be, first, the nature of the iron employed; and, secondly, the mode of converting it into steel. This is explained as being done by imperfect fusion and agglutination, and cementation with charcoal in small crucibles; the produce of which was generally a very good steel, crystallised variously, and probably mingled with minute portions of the metallic bases of the earths employed in the operation. The pattern, or *jower*, exists in the steel itself; and it would be as impossible to make a sword of this steel without obtaining the true Damascus figure, as it would be to imitate the true figure by any artificial mixture of iron and steel. Mr. Wilkinson had examined a cake of steel from Cutch, and found that it could be tempered without difficulty; and that it exhibited, when cut, the true Damascus pattern, as it did, also, when forged into a bar. It was a curious coincidence that the trade between Cutch and Damascus was formerly direct; and it was, consequently, highly probable that the Syrian workman obtained his celebrity from a mere casual

circumstance, which would not have occurred if he had obtained his steel from a part of India where the manufacture of it was conducted by a different process. It should also be remarked, that, in consequence of the small size of the cakes of steel furnished by the Indian market, three, four, or even eight cakes were required to make one sword-blade. These cakes must of necessity be drawn into bars, welded together, laminated, and doubled again and again; which process would necessarily increase the intricacy of the pattern: and even the indentations of the hammer, and clumsiness of the workman, would combine to increase its diversity. Mr. Wilkinson concluded by observing, that in these processes, all the required varieties would be obtained; and that the figure of all genuine Damascus blades was entirely the result of nature, and not of art.—After the reading of the paper was concluded, Mr. Malcolmson stated, that he had that morning seen a piece of steel from Nirmal, a place in India celebrated for the manufacture of that article. The greatest part of the steel of that place went to Persia, and much was employed in making sword-blades. The process of manufacturing the steel at Nirmal, was described in a paper by the late Dr. Voysey, published in the first volume of the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*. Mr. Wilkinson observed, that he had no doubt that other Indian manufacturers produced steel of a similar quality to that he had been describing. He also said, that he had seen at the East India House, a manuscript, he believed, of the late Mr. Moorcroft, describing a mode of bringing out the pattern on the steel without the aid of acids. It consisted in suspending the polished metal in a sort of well, about six feet deep, shaped like an inverted funnel. A quantity of warm litter was heaped up at the bottom, and the atmospheric air carefully excluded; the acrid vapour arising from the dung brought out the pattern on the steel in a few weeks, without any of the inconveniences arising from the use of acids. The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Wilkinson, for his interesting paper; and the meeting adjourned.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen, president, in the chair. Mr. Knight (through Mr. C. R. Smith), presented a drawing of a *profericulum*, or sacrificial vase, in his possession, found, with other Roman remains, in the burial ground of Saint Pancras Church, Colchester, with a short description. Sir Frederick Madden communicated a dissertation on Perkin Warbeck, and his evanescent claim to the crown of England. He shortly gave the statements and variations of our different historians on the subject, with additional historical observations of his own, and copies of two letters, hitherto unnoticed; one from Perkin to Isabella, queen of Spain, written in 1493, and the other from the same to Bernard de la Fosse, in 1496—both materially illustrative of Perkin's history. Part of this paper being read, the remainder was postponed.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; Belgrave Literary Conversations.  
*Tuesday*.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (Ed. Cooper, Esq. on Recent Improvements in Paper Making); Lambeth Literary, 8½ P.M. (D. Cooper, Esq. on Cryptogamic Botany).  
*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund, Committee, 3 P.M., Election of Secretary,

4 P.M., Club to meet the Stewards for the Anniversary of 3d May, at 5½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.  
*Thursday*.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.  
*Friday*.—Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (First Lecture of the Season, Dr. Lardner on Steam Communication with India.)

## FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.  
[Third Notice.]

92. *The First Lesson*. 100. *Persuasion*. Miss F. Corbaux.—In both these compositions, and especially in the first, the fair artist has displayed a very beautiful sentiment. The designs are exceedingly tasteful; and, if there had been a little more solidity in the execution of them, they would have appeared to still greater advantage.

143. — Miss Kearsley.—This lady also claims our admiration. The subject of her picture is full of pathos; and it is sweetly painted.

208. *Lodore Waterfall*. W. Flavel.—A scene of perfect enchantment; in which, through the medium of picturesque form and richly varied colour, wood and water play their parts in a way equally attractive to the sight, and pleasing to the imagination.

363. *Repose in Egypt*. C. W. Cope.—We are glad to hear of repose any where. In the fine work before us it is beautifully shewn; not only in the principal figure, but in those by which it is accompanied. It is, perhaps, scarcely possible to prevent a composition of this nature from reminding us a little too strongly of some of the old masters.

244. *The Look-out at Clovelly, North Devon*. W. Shayer.—It is a good look-out for the artist, when he can meet with a subject so well adapted to the pencil. As in other works of his, Mr. Shayer has enriched his scenery with appropriate and well-drawn groups.

234. *Will Watch, the bold Smuggler, taking Leave of his Sir*. T. Clater.—A very fine illustration of the lines quoted in the catalogue; powerfully painted; and the hour of parting naturally and well expressed. By the same artist, and executed in the same forcible and harmonious tone of colour, is 255. *Discussing the Poor Laws*; in which a cobbler and a mechanic are carrying on a fierce argument—doubtless very much to their own satisfaction.

The portraiture in the great room gives it an air of much importance. Among the most characteristic are:—133. *Portrait of the Earl of Egremont* (than whom the arts have never found a kinder patron). 21. *Portrait of John Carew, Esq.* (the celebrated sculptor). G. Clint. 42. *Portrait of a Lady*. F. Y. Hurlstone.—In simplicity, grace, and composition, worthy the pencil of Vandyke. 115. *Portrait of the Countess of Winterton*; 146. *Portrait of the Earl of Winterton*. F. Y. Hurlstone.—Admirable.—8. *The Right Hon. Lord Maitlyn*; 14. *Thomas Wilde, Esq. K. S., M. P.* Mrs. C. Pearson.—This lady maintains her rank among our fair artists; and these specimens of her talents shew them to great advantage. The first is self-collected and dignified, and well adapted to the station it is to occupy (the Town Hall at Mold); the second is equally characteristic, but has more of the familiar and domestic in its appearance.—93. *Dr. Mayo*. J. Lonsdale. A fine example of this artist's firm and solid style.—179. *Portrait of Sir Peter Laurie, as Lord Mayor of London*. J. Lillie. A faithful likeness; and executed with great breadth and vigour.

155 and 176 are two beautiful heads: the

first, *La Vignarola*, by J. P. Davis, is remarkable for its clear and transparent complexion, and for its witchery of look and expression; the second, *Flora Mac Ivor*, by J. Boaden, is a well-imagined and skillfully executed representation of the lovely, spirited, and interesting heroine of Waverley.

427. *Rydal Water, in Cumberland*. J. B. Pyne.—Whether the clear sky in which the young moon appears in this beautiful view, and the distant mountains, are too blue, or true blue, we are not quite prepared to say, but we rather think that, in this respect, Mr. Pyne has taken a poetical license; which, however, we are not inclined to deny him, as it not only gives a poetical character to the subject, but sets off the figures and other objects in the foreground.

444. *Venice*. J. Holland.—The glowing colours in this fine performance likewise seem to us to indicate the resort to a poetical license; without which, indeed, many a resplendent work of art would lose much of its attractive quality.

437. *Cattle*. T. S. Cooper.—The present, like other of this able artist's productions, seems to shed light and life on the spot in which it appears.

Besides those which we have specified, there is a very fair variety of pleasing landscapes, &c.; among which will be found—195. *Mill at Ventnor, Isle of Wight*. F. Watts.—196. *Fishery—Autumnal Morning; the sun dispersing a mist*. E. Child.—194. *The Baptistery of St. Mark's, Venice*. G. B. Moore.—227. *Outhouses with Cattle, near Horley, Surrey*. J. Wilson, jun.—239. *Beach Scene, Sherringham*. A. Priest.—318. *Misty Morning, Windsor*. A. Montague.—331. *Canal Scene; Early Morning*. J. Tennant.—352. *Folkestone, Kent*. T. Creswick.—353. *Cattle and Figures, by the Side of a River*. J. Dearman.—387. *Fort Rouge and Calais Piers; Boats by G. Chambers*. J. B. Pyne.—406. *Cologne*. G. Bulmer.—418. *Scene on the Thames; Moonlight*. J. B. Crome, &c. &c.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Die Schachspieler*. Zeichnung von Moritz Retzsch. Leipzig. In Commission bei Ernst Fleischer.

*The Chess-Players*. A Drawing, by Moritz Retzsch. London. Schloss.

AND who do our readers think are the players? The Devil, and Man, who has been rash enough to stake his soul on the issue! "The scene is chosen with a sort of mysterious reference to the whole idea that is to be expressed. The very architecture intimates the presence of that dark being to whose sphere belongs all that is horrible, confounding, and seductive. It is a horrid vault, whose arch is formed by two lizard-shaped monsters, whose heads, half bird, half locust, as well as their short mishapen claws, adhere closely to its two pillars, down which they seem to creep. The upper surface of a sarcophagus is transformed into a chess-board; and Man, as a fair youth, sits at this table, his head, covered with the curls of early manhood, resting on his hand, and his countenance full of careful thoughts. Opposite to him, on the spectator's left-hand, is Satan, the Prince of Darkness, seated in a large chair, one of whose arms shews an open-mouthed lion, seeking whom he may devour; while, lower down, the claw of this lion, grasping a human skull, intimates his death-bringing power. A broad cloak, from which only his bony clawlike hands appear, is thrown around him; and his hair and his beard bristle wildly about. In his

cap is the long, crooked cock's feather, which ancient tradition has uniformly regarded as auspicious. The features of his countenance are noble, for he is still a fallen angel; but their expression, as becomes his fallen state, is devilish and hateful." The pieces are—on one side, his Satanic Majesty himself, Pleasure, Indolence, Anger, Pride, Falsehood, Avarice, Envy, and Unbelief; on the other side, the Youth's own Soul, Religion, Hope, Truth, Peace, Humility, Innocence, and Love; all characterised by their respective symbols. The pawns on the part of Vice are Doubts, in the shape of harpies; on that of Virtue, Prayers, in the shape of angel's heads. We regret to say, that "the game stands ill for the Human Being. His adversary has already weakened the power of Prayer, by taking from him several angel's heads; Love and Innocence are lost; Humility gone; and Peace, just seized, is still held in his clawlike fingers. Pleasure, Unbelief, and Doubts, are pressing tumultuously forward against Religion, who stands there, tranquil and sublime, protecting Man; who is thus attacked in so many ways, but who, so long as he does not give up Religion, may yet hope for escape." We own that this species of allegorical composition, whether literary or graphic, is no great favourite of ours; but it would be doing Mr. Retzsch great injustice, if we were not to bear testimony to the depth of thought, and facility and vigour of execution, which are shewn in the extraordinary work under our notice.

#### Madame Malibran. Schloss.

THE smallest portrait, we presume, that ever engraven: not too large to set in a brooch or ring; and yet distinctly retaining the character and expression of the highly gifted and lamented original.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### ODE.

On a Lachrymatory, in the Third Chamber of the interesting Etruscan Antiquities, now to be seen in Pall Mall.

Is't so? and have three thousand years,

That yesterday of ages, fled

Since thou, frail vase of human tears,

Wert placed beside the warrior dead?

Fall'n is his brow, that throne of thought;

His bones are passed to dust—to air;

As if but yesterday left there!

Yet thou surviv'st, as perfect wrought,

As if but yesterday left there!

Oh, mockery of human power,

And vanity of human pride!

That hero filled his little hour,

Fought, triumphed, tyrannised, and died.

And, then, his deeds were pictured here,

As if in mockery, to last,

Frail though their frailest colours were,

Until his very dust was past.

Oh! had he deemed, of all his fame,

Thou only should'st remain the trace,

Thou painted vase! to mock the flame

So long departed to its place;

He had not toiled his life away,

Nor, Cain-like, made mankind his foe;

But felt, and cast his sword away,

The vanity of all below.

Time, whilst we stand upon life's brink,

Gives us the wisdom drawn from them:

They paused not in the stream to think;

Enough to struggle, rise, and stem:

We judge their deeds, or good or ill,

Forgetful that, in our brief day,

We, with unreined and lawless will,

Live on as frail and wild as they.

For, had he looked—this nameless one—

Like us, beyond the tide of years,

The wreath of myrtle he had won,

And scorned the laurel washed with tears.

His spear had then become a crook,

His sword a staff, his fame been air;

The world to him had been a book,

Peace, hope, and love, engraven there.

J. E. READE.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Obituary*.—Among distinguished characters recently lost to literature and the arts, we have to notice the death of J. Jekyll, Esq., K.C., and a bencher of the Inner Temple, who died on the 8th ultimo, at the age of eighty-five. Mr. Jekyll was one of the wittiest men of his day; and his *bon-mots* often convulsed the bar, and delighted the high society into which his station and talents gave him the most ready admission. Hamlet's apostrophe to the skull of Yorick might aptly be applied to him; and we hope to see a collection of some of them preserved in a permanent form, and not left to the fast-fading colours of memory.

The famous Abbé de Pradt is another of our recent losses. He, also, had reached a good old age. His political and other writings are of great extent, and produced very considerable effects upon the Continent.

We are informed of the death of Mr. Constable, one of the most eminent of our landscape painters, and ablest writers upon the fine arts. As yet we have not heard the particulars, but only that his last illness was of very short duration.

Mr. J. Maddox, the author of "Travels in the Holy Land," has also, we learn, been numbered with the dead. He had resided some time at Tunbridge Wells, was a most agreeable and entertaining companion in social life, and is sincerely regretted by a numerous body of the friends whom his excellent qualities had made.

#### SKETCHES.

##### THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB.

"Ne fidēs inter amicos

Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet."

Hor. lib. 1. epist. 5. l.

"——— That none where life grows gay,  
The sacred hour of confidence betray."—*Francis*.

SUCH was the motto of the Beefsteak Club, commonly called the "Sublime Society of Beefsteaks," and originated from the following circumstance. The late Richard Wilson, (better known by the familiar cognomen of "Dick,") of famous "Chedworth" memory, was an old member of the society, and, although proverbially as good-natured a fellow as ever existed, yet such were the blunders he constantly made, that he was always considered to be the Marplot of the club, as the sequel will illustrate. To those in the habit of joining that festive board, it is known, that on all other except on what are termed private days, where none but members attend, each brother is allowed to introduce a visitor. Now, this society is supposed to consist of an *omnium gatherum*, Whig, Tory, song, anecdote, and a *quantum suff* of Blocks; but there ever was, and always had been, a strong disposition towards Whiggery: consequently, it did not very frequently happen that a Tory friend was introduced. On one of the open days, the unfortunate Dick introduced no less a personage than the high Tory "Loyalty John Reeves, patent printer of the Holy Bible," &c. &c. The moment he entered, gloom took possession



of every body, and a dull evening slowly dragged on its measured chain. In vain the chairman was badgered; in vain Billy Linley said all his good things; in vain the modest and retiring treasurer spread his blushes around: an Incubus had possession of the society, and Erebus and Nox superseded Apollo and Bacchus. Loyal John was too good a judge not easily to discover that his loss, on retiring early from the Steakers, would not break many of their hearts, and, accordingly, he did so. His departure was the signal for a general attack on the ill-fated Dick, and every thing in the shape of annoyance was instantly adopted; this he bore for some time, but, his patience being at length exhausted, he justified himself for having introduced such an unwelcome guest, by exclaiming, "Why, what have I done? 'tis true, I have brought Mr. Reeves as my visitor; but, have I not heard 'Bonaparte,' 'Jack Ketch,' and a variety of other equally amiable individuals, given as toasts in this Society?" "Yes," exclaimed old Tom Scott, then nearly ninety years of age; "true, you have heard them given as toasts, but, by Jove, no one ever introduced them personally." The lyric bard of the society, Captain Morris, instantly recommended the motto alluded to, and which was as promptly adopted.

#### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—At this theatre Mrs. Wood has been produced as the attraction, and sang in the *Sonnambula*, &c. with much applause.

*Covent Garden.*—Mr. Macready, after a long illness, has reappeared in some of his principal characters, all so highly and deservedly popular that, on the evenings of his performing them, the house is literally crammed, and he is most warmly greeted by the enthusiastic admirers of his splendid delineations. Miss H. Faucit is also rising rapidly to higher eminence in the first walks of her arduous profession.

*Adelphi.*—The *Peregrinations of Pickwick*, after only one week's rehearsal, was produced with complete success (though there were dissentient voices on account of the great length) on Monday, to an overflowing house. There appears to have been many additions, alterations, &c. of the capital Pickwick Papers, and, as Mr. Yates truly observed, in a neat little speech at the fall of the curtain, "That few could be aware of the difficulty of extracting the *tit-bits*, where the whole dish was so good." This, however, has been well accomplished at the Adelphi; and, after an unsparing use of the literary pruning knife, these *Peregrinations* will be about as delightful to see as they have been to read. Mr. Yates was Mr. Pickwick; the dress, the appearance, the—in fact, he looked as though he were Seymour's spirited sketch walked forth from the engraving; and his acting was no way beneath his looks. John Reeve played Sam Weller, and, with only a week's preparation, was tolerably perfect for John Reeve. Buckstone's *Jingle* was one of the very best characters in which we ever saw him; and every other part was ably sustained by the Adelphi corps, including Mr. Rice, as *Jim Crow*—an introduction, we think, very injudicious. Mrs. Yates, in the episode of the *Miser Father*, was, as she always is, exquisitely natural. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as an Irish servant girl, sang some beautiful old Irish melodies as sweetly as ever; and Mr. Dunn was a capital representation of the fat boy. No part, however, was superior to the *Doctor Slammer* of Saunders, and his metamorphosis into *Old Weller*, the father of Samwell.

*King's Theatre.*—On Saturday, Donizetti's

rather dull opera of *Belisario* was performed; and not so highly supported as to render it more than usually attractive. Inchinde is truly an old man; and, with the exception of Gian-noni, we can say nothing in favour of the vocal talent displayed on the occasion. Mediocrity was the order of the night.

*French Plays.*—These entertainments commenced very indifferently at the Lyceum, on Monday. The pieces were poor, and the best of the acting not above commonplace.

#### VARIETIES.

"*The Musical World*," after relating the death of Mr. Nicholson, states, that it is in contemplation to give a concert, for the benefit of his aged mother and orphan children, at which the Philharmonic band will unanimously assist.

*Canton: China.*—Some of the newspapers state, that the edict against the "barbarian" English merchants at Canton, noticed in our last No., is of an old date, viz. the beginning of 1835; and, consequently, previous to the extraordinary relaxations in regard to foreign trade.

*Mr. Wilkins*, the builder of the London University and the National Gallery, has been elected professor of architecture in the Royal Academy.

*Sign.*—"The Gentle Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," half-way house between Simon's Town and Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, kept by an eccentric character called Flormer Peck, who emigrated from England some twenty or thirty years ago, the following is on the signpost:—"Life is but a journey. Let us live well on the road," says the good shepherd.

"Multum in parvo, pro bono publico,  
Entertainment for man or beast;  
Lekker kost, as much as you please;  
Excellent beads, without any fees;  
Nos patriam fugimus, now we are here;  
Vivamus, let us live by selling beer;  
On donne à boire et à manger ici;  
Come in and try, whoever you be."

You will see that these lines are Latin, French, English, and "lekker kost" is Dutch.

M. P.

*Theatrical Portraits.* No. I. L. C. Nisbett. On stone by Fussell, from a sketch by Buss. (Pigot and Co.)—A dashing likeness of this dark-haired and dark-eyed beauty, executed in a free and sparkling style. There is something about the mouth, however, not half so finely formed as in the original; but the general effect is highly pleasing and picturesque. It promises well for the series; and we look for a charming portfolio of our fair theatrical friends.

*Characteristic Sketches of the Civil War in Spain.* No. II. (London, Dickinson.) Major C. V. Z. has again given us some fearful representations of the horrors which occupy so large a portion of Spain. The costume and groupings are full of character; and, though there is little of art, there is, unhappily, too much of truth in these sketches.

*M. Benjamin Delassert* (associate of the Academy) has just received, from his correspondents at Buenos Ayres, a letter of M. Bonpland, from whom no news have been received for several years: it is dated the 14th of July, 1836, from San Borgia, on the Uruguay, in the province of Rio Grande, Brazil. M. Bonpland continued his scientific labours: he accustomed himself, he says, to live in the virgin forests, and on the banks of the great rivers. He enjoyed good health, and was preparing to send his collections to Buenos Ayres, to be forwarded to the museum of natural history at Paris.

*Weather Wisdom.*—Lieut. Harrison has been tolerably correct in his anticipations

during the past week. The weather has been changeable, and unusually windy for the season, though the highest wind was on the afternoon of the 5th, when the new moon denoted "windy weather," and thus the day before the 6th and 7th, specified in the predictions to "produce very high winds" in consequence of the trine of Mercury to Jupiter and Mars. Looking forward, we find "very frequent changes, yet fair at times, about the 8th, 9th, and 10th. As the Sun aspects Herschel on the 12th, the weather grows much colder, and the middle of the month will be very bleak with sleet or snow. Unsettled."

*New Caricatures.*—H. B.'s last trio burst is thorough game. The new Patent Scurf Cab, with O'Connell driving Lord John Russell, is admirable for the expression of the countenances. The next represents Lord Palmerston at Saint Sebastian, tied to a tree by the bonds of the Quadruple Treaty, and transfixed by many barbed arrows, with the quivers inscribed "Hernani," "Louis Philippe's speech," "the Vixen," &c. &c. The last (No. 477) is more elaborate and full of figures. It is called "Going to the Fair with it." Lord J. Russell, Mr. Spring Rice, and Mr. O'Connell, are acting as puppet-showmen; the first on long stilts, the second balancing a church at the end of a stick on his chin, and the third swallowing a sword marked "Repeal;" various politicians, with John Bull, are looking on and applauding or blaming. Among them the Archbishop of Canterbury, Brougham, Burdett, Hobhouse, Wellington, Peel, C. Buller, Hume, &c. are conspicuous.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Duchess D'Abantes has just added the 5th and 6th volumes to her Memoirs, which complete that work.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Highland Rambles, and long Legends to Shorten the Way, by Sir T. D. Lauder, Bart. 2 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.  
—A Treatise on Magnetism, by Sir D. Brewster, post 8vo. 6s.  
—An Elementary Treatise on Latin Prosody, by W. Ramsey, M.A. 12mo. —First Three Sections of Newton's Principia, with Appendix, by John Evans, 8vo. 6s.  
—Self-Formation, by a Fellow of a College, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.  
—Life of Thomas Jefferson, Third President of the United States, by G. Tucker, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 8d.  
—The Condensed Commentary on the Bible, by the Rev. J. Cobbin, imperial 8vo. 11s. 6d.  
—Memoirs of Mrs. A. Bulmer, by Anne R. Col-linson, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.  
—Rev. Dr. J. B. Smith's Manual of Theology, 12mo. 2d edition, 10s. 6d.  
—Transportation and Colonisation, by J. D. Long, D.D. 12mo. 6s.  
—Modern India, with Illustrations of Hindostan, by H. H. Spry, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.  
—Sermons on the History of Joseph, by the Rev. W. Edelman, 12mo. 5s.  
—M. S. Haynes' Prayers for Morning and Evening Worship, 12mo. 3s.  
—Dalton's Family Altar, 4th edition, 12mo. 6s.  
—Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical, by the late Rev. R. Moxon, with Life, 12mo. 5s.  
—Original and Select Hymns, a Companion to Sacred Poetry, 32mo. 3s. hf. bd.  
—Elements of Practical Knowledge, with Illustrations, 8vo. 3s.  
—The Marrow of Modern Divinity, by E. Fisher, 12mo. 5s.  
—Movements of the British Legion, by Major Richardson, 2d edition, 8vo. 12s.  
—Arithmetic made Easy, by A. Turnbull, 12mo. 5s.  
—Transactions of the Statistical Society of London, Vol. I. Part 1. 4to. 7s. 6d.  
—Smith's Wealth of Nations, Vol. III. 12mo. 5s.  
—Notes of a Short Tour through the Midland Counties of Ireland in the Summer of 1836, by B. W. Noel, post 8vo. 7s.  
—Israel's Wanderings in the Wilderness, by the Rev. G. D. Kramacher of Ederfeld, 12mo. 6s.  
—Blunt's (Henry) Sermons, preached at Trinity Church, Upper Chelsea, 12mo. 6s.  
—Practical System of Rhetoric, by S. P. Newman, post 8vo. 5s. 6d.  
—John Burnet on the Education of the Eye with reference to Painting, 4to. 11s. royal 4to. 11s. 6d.  
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#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 30	From 29 to 47	29.65 to 29.73
Friday .. 31	.... 16 .. 45	29.60 .. 29.65
April.		
Saturday .. 1	.... 21 .. 51	29.64 .. 29.63
Sunday .. 2	.... 30 .. 47	29.63 .. 29.71
Monday .. 3	.... 39 .. 49	29.47 .. 29.45
Tuesday .. 4	.... 24 .. 46	29.51 .. 29.62
Wednesday .. 5	.... 28 .. 46	29.72 .. 29.63

Prevailing Wind, W. by S.  
Except the 4th and 5th, generally clear; a little rain on the 3d instant.

Rain fallen, 16.75 of an inch.  
Edmonton, CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION,

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## THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, will open on Monday, 8th instant.

Open each day, from Nine till Dusk.

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R. HILLS, Secretary.

## THE ART-UNION; a Society for the Advancement of the Fine Arts.

At a Meeting of Gentlemen desirous of establishing a Society for the Advancement of the Fine Arts by the purchase of selected works for distribution amongst the subscribers, holden at No. 18 Edwards Street, Portman Square, on Tuesday the 21st of March, 1857, Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq. F.R.S. in the Chair, the following Resolutions were passed unanimously:—

1. That a Society be instituted for the advancement of the Fine Arts, entitled Art-Union, and that every annual Subscriber of One Guinea or upwards, be a Member thereof.

2. That the Funds of the Society shall be devoted to the purchase of Pictures in Oil, Water Colour Drawings, Sculpture, Medals, or Engravings, to be annually distributed amongst its Members.

3. That for the first year of the Society's operations, the Committee of Management shall determine the Number of Prizes, and their respective Amounts, according to the State of the Funds, at the closing of the Subscription Lists for the Year; and that each Subscriber who may obtain one such Prize at the Ballot, shall accept for himself a Work of Art of equivalent Value, from some one of the following Public Exhibitions in London of the current Year: viz. the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Society of British Artists, the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and the New Society of Painters in Water Colours.

4. That every Subscriber shall be entitled to the privilege of obtaining a Prize for each Guinea annually subscribed, and that the Subscription Books of the current Year shall remain open until a Day to be determined by the Committee; to be then closed for the Purposes specified in the third Resolution.

5. That the Works purchased agreeably to the third Resolution, shall be publicly exhibited for a certain Time, and under such Regulations as the Committee may deem fit.

6. That the Gentlemen present be a Provisional Committee, for the Purpose of carrying the Object of this Society into Effect, with power to add to their number.

7. That Edward Edwards, Esq. be requested to act as Honorary Secretary to the Committee.

8. That Benjamin Hawes, Esq. be requested to act as Treasurer pro tempore, and that the Treasurer, Secretary, and each Member of the Committee, be empowered to receive Subscriptions.

9. That the London and Westminster Bank be Bankers to the Society.

10. That the following Gentlemen be a Sub-Committee for the purpose of drawing up Rules and Regulations for the Society, founded upon the foregoing Resolutions, viz. Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq. Edward Edwards, Esq. Benjamin Hawes, Esq. M.P. Edward Hawkins, Esq. Henry Hayward, Esq. and Henry Thomas Hope, Esq. M.P., three of them to be a quorum.

11. That this Meeting be adjourned to Tuesday next, the 28th instant, to take place at three o'clock, p.m.  
BENJAMIN BOND CABBELL, Chairman.

Thanks having been voted to the Chairman, the Meeting adjourned accordingly.

Committee.  
Henry G. Atkinson, Esq. 18 Upper Gloucester Place, Regent's Park.

Charles Barry, Esq. Foley Place.  
John Britton, Esq. 7 Fitzroy Square, Portman Crescent.

Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq. F.R.S. Temple.  
N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq. M.P. 12 Hill Street, Berkeley Square.

Edward Edwards, Esq. 35 London Street, Fitzroy Square.  
William Ewart, Esq. M.P. 16 Eaton Place, Belgrave Square.

George Godwin, Junior, Esq. 11 Pelham Crescent, Brompton.  
Benjamin Hall, Esq. 28 St. James's Place.

Benjamin Hawes, Junior, Esq. M.P. Lambeth.  
Edward Hawkins, Esq. F.S.A. British Museum.

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Henry Thomas Hope, Esq. M.P. Duchesse Street.

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The Subscription List for the current Year will be closed on Saturday, the 5th of May next.

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## MUSIC.

## MELODISTS' CLUB. At a General

Meeting of the Club, held on the 30th of March, the Premium was awarded to Mrs. C. E. Wilson, as the writer of the song best suited for a convivial society. Silver Medals were awarded to the authors of three other songs, which had been selected out of 217 received, as best calculated for the object which the Club has in view: their names are, G. E. Inman, J. W. Burdon, and John Gaywood. The sealed papers containing the names of the rest of the candidates will be destroyed unopened.

JOHN PARRY, Honorary Secretary.

## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Preparing for publication,

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Howard's Letter to Peter Parley, Esq.

# GREAT AMERICAN NATIONAL WORK, INSCRIBED, BY PERMISSION, TO HIS MAJESTY.

The Publishers beg leave respectfully to announce to the British Public, and particularly to the Patrons of Literature and the Fine Arts, that, under the highly flattering auspices afforded by the gracious countenance of HIS MAJESTY, who, in an interview, has been pleased personally to confer his unqualified approbation upon the Work, to accept the Dedication, and to become their first Patron, together with the condescension of HER MAJESTY, who has consented to extend her patronage, and of their Royal Highnesses

THE DUCHESS OF KENT,  
THE PRINCESS VICTORIA,  
THE DUKE OF SUSSEX,  
&c. &c. &c.

Who also, in the most complimentary manner, have bestowed their Signatures, they have commenced the immediate publication of their Great American Work, entitled,

## HISTORY OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF THE PRINCIPAL CHIEFS,

Embellished with One Hundred and Twenty Portraits,

FROM THE  
INDIAN GALLERY,  
IN THE DEPARTMENT OF WAR, AT WASHINGTON.

By THOMAS L. M'KENNEY,  
LATE OF THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,  
AND JAMES HALL, Esq.  
OF CINCINNATI.

This costly and splendid enterprise was undertaken at the suggestion of a late distinguished Secretary of the War Department of the United States, and has been liberally and especially encouraged by the United States Government. Its design is to furnish a large number of Portraits of eminent modern Native Chiefs, &c. of the various tribes, taken, under the direction of the United States, from life, in their different Costumes, richly coloured, and accompanied by accurate and authentic Biographies of the several Chieftains, Orators, and other characters introduced; and also by a general History of the Tribes, supplied by the best living authorities.

Seven years have been consumed in preparing this publication for the press, and the most lavish expense bestowed which can render it a truly great and national work, equally claiming the attention of the historian, the philosopher, and the general student. Almost every other subject has been exhausted for the amusement or instruction of the European reader: the Egyptian, amid the mists of the early creation; the Jew, with his solemn and mysterious vicissitudes; the Greek, the Roman, and the Goth, have found poets and historians, painters and sculptors, to transmit their peculiarities to succeeding generations; while the North American Indian, advancing features as wonderful, both moral and physical, as any other branch of the human family, has almost faded from the grasp of history. A few years ago, vague objects of terror to the feeble white man, they were known only as the ruthless monsters who fired his hut and massacred his wife and children. As the Colonists strengthened, their wild foes disappeared from the smiling farms and thronged cities, into the deeper recesses of the wilderness and the mountains, and became simply objects of contempt. It is only now, when Europe is transplanting herself across the ocean, that the thoughtful gaze of history begins to be fixed upon a race whose manifestations of heroic character have hitherto been permitted to resound and die away in the desert, scarcely reaching the verge of civilisation; over whose fate now hangs an interest most romantic and touching; who add the personal beauty to the moral grandeur of the classical ages; whose origin has been traced back to the fields of Egypt and the plains of Arabia; whose traditions break upon the European history like sounds from another planet; and who, their characters undrawn, their haunts unexplored, their secrets unknown, their story untold, are passing utterly away from the earth. It is the design of the present publication to rescue from their rapid transit to oblivion, and present to the contemplation of the Old World, many of these magnificent beings, the Cæsars and Ciceros, the Hectors and Helens, of the immense western prairies and forests, which even yet lie all undisturbed as in the days of primeval nature.

The following letter from General Cass, late Secretary of War, and the present minister to France from the United States, is selected from many similar testimonials.

"Gentlemen,

"I do not hesitate, in conformity with your request, to state, that the engraved portraits of Indians, now publishing, and which were taken from the Gallery in the War Department, are very faithful copies of the originals. Many of these Portraits were painted here from the life, and all of them were executed at the expense of the Government. They represent with much fidelity the countenances and costume of the Indians.

"Colonel M'Kenney and Judge Hall are preparing biographical sketches of many of the principal Indians. From the literary attainments of both of these gentlemen, and from the very favourable opportunities which Colonel M'Kenney has enjoyed of becoming acquainted with Indian life and character in the western regions, I cannot doubt but that the work will be ably executed, and that it will form the most complete collection of aboriginal biography which has ever been presented to the public.

"To Messrs. Campbell and Burns.

"Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,  
(Signed)

"LEWIS CASS."

### TERMS.

The Work will be printed in Imperial Folio, and completed in Twenty Parts, each of which will contain Six coloured Portraits, with Biographies and characteristic Anecdotes, and a portion of the General History. The First Part will be issued immediately, and the remainder as rapidly as a due care to the execution will permit. The whole will appear in the richest style which the Arts of this country are capable of producing. Autographs of the Signatures of Subscribers will accompany the last Number. The price to Subscribers will be, 1*l.* 1*s.* each Part, or 3*s.* for the complete Work, payable as the Numbers are delivered. This condition of payment is annexed on account of the large outlay consequent upon so great an undertaking, and, it is hoped, will meet the public approbation.

CAMPBELL and BURNS.

Publication Office, No. 156 Regent Street, where the Work will be exhibited to all such as may feel an interest in it.

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